Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839. VOL. IX.—No. 38.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T. will accept our thanks for his report; his remittance is duly credited.

Mr. O.'s request shall be promptly attended to, upon the return of the "tall 'un."

Can any one inform us where to get two or three first rate pointers and setters—youug and perfectly broke; also a couple of deer hounds? Apply, if by letter, postpaid, to this office.

B. O. T. is informed that the notorious letter from Troy, of the date of 7th Sept. last, came to hand yesterday, with the post mark of this city, Nov. 21. Where the long interval has been passed, we know not; but as the letter appears very much worn, we presume in the pocket of the special messenger. This will we trust entirely clear up the misapprehension as to the stock. The races therein reported would have been cordially welcome in their season. Will Mr. T. signify to us his appreciation of this *expose*. Till now a confusion has existed in the mind of the writer, which he attributed to the probable fact that the letter had been mislaid or carried away by the Senior editor.

Several articles in type for this day's paper, have again been crowded out—among others, Delta, a Washington letter, Cypress, Jr., Darnley's Race at Cincinnati, &c. &c.

Dr Merrythought's communication upon "Scarlet-fever" is very clever, and will be accepted with pleasure.

L. P. S. is received, and shall receive the earliest attention we can possibly give to him. The Senior editor may delay a reply till early in December.

Col. C. K. is informed that his first paper was forwarded to him on Oct. 19, and that they have been continued regularly since. We are obliged to him for his attention in the other matter.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

This is the first week that has reminded us strongly of winter; it has come at last, not in snow or sleet, but in the keenest north-westers,—lowering sky by day, and bright cold nights. If winter brings with it extensive changes in the habits and costumes of citizens, not less important ones do we remark in their gastronomical arrangements. Lobster-salads yield to broiled oysters, and soft crabs to scallops. You hear no more of fragrant julaps, and the waiters ask with an air of uncertainty, if you will have ice in your liquor. "Cobblers" disappear—that great improvement of the age—cobblers, wherein sherry, and ice, and lemon, and sugar, have been so mellifluously mingled. "Scotch or Irish?" is now the question put to you; "cold, without," is no more heard of.

Come night fall, as far as your eye can stretch through a long avenue, you find it lined with dingy red lanthorns and transparencies, to indicate, that below, oysters may be found, "fried, roasted, stewed, or raw." Verily, in these times one eats oysters "in rig'lar desparation," as Sam Weller says. Haunches of venison and festoons of ducks hang round the entrance of refectories; "beef-steaks *rare*" are a popular theme at Windust's, and young gentlemen pay there more money for bumpers in which to toast and discuss their favorite theatres, than into the box-offices.

Mackintoshes and Upper-Benjamins are in demand, and slashed pockets in front are found to keep the fingers warm and save glove-leather. Collis and Lawrence have already in array in front of their establishment, all varieties of sleighs, and young damsels dream of drives to Harlaem, and mulled wine.

Modest men and Englishmen patronise the "Shades," and Welsh rarebits are thought to flavor the ale. Cold corned-beef now comes in, with pickle and quartern loaf. Musty old English papers please us then, and you read of "shocking murders," "double parricides," and "highway robberies," in the columns of the "London Dispatch," till you pity the penny-a liners who arrange this horrid material for the press. The evenings have now attained a goodly length, and the whistling of the wind without reminds you of an agreeable game at whist, or of "Nicholas Nickleby," just from the press. After a supper at ten, a flowing pitcher of ale, or "hot whisky punch 'round," gives an excuse for the lazy ones to retire, while the poor editor seizes the first quiet moment of the day to indite paragraphs upon the weather, new books, "fancy," stocks, and the "British Queen."

THE BRITISH QUEEN.

This steam-ship was so fully expected a week since that we felt some reluctance about going to press at our usual hour; and yet she is not arrived. It was our wish to announce the result of the last day of the Second Newmarket October Meeting, where *Crucifix* was to go for the Prendergast Stake; but it is in vain. When she does come in, she will bring ns not only the conclusion of the Second October Meeting, but the Houghton likewise. Turfmen may hence anticipate a good sporting paper next week.

When a steam-ship is thus out of her time, rumors are of course busy through the town as to the probable causes of her detention. The most probable one to our mind is this: a London packet, which left here the day before the United States Bank failed, carried out intalligence that that calamity wonld undoubtedly take place, With tolerable luck, that ship would arrive out about the time the "Queen" was to sail, aud, if she arrived a day earlier, the intelligence would doubtless be deemed of such consequence that the "Queen" might well be detained for a few days. This is all suppositions of course, but yet the most likely one we have heard.

The financial intelligence looked for by this vessel, is of the last consequence. The more general opinion appears to be that her news will exert no important influence upon our own market; but the "Croakers" think otherwise, and assign strong reason for anticipating a dangerous rebound from the shock which will be given to American credit in England by the news of the Philadelphia stoppage,—unless the ill effect of that news should be counteracted by the intelligence that the New York and New England monied institutions had stood firm as a rock.

We do not often deal in this character of topic for editorial remark, but we feel so far interested in it, from the effect likely to be produced upon our general currency by the English news, that we cannot refrain from touching upon it. Southern readers can have no conception of the difficulty in our currency at the present time. New York newspapers, our own surely, which have large circulations at the South, are willing to receive their dues in Southern money; but since the suspension such subscribers have been deterred, by the great depreciation of Southern funds at the North, to discontinue their remittances, rather than burden publishers with the ruinous discount. This indicates the most considerate feeling to all of us, but so far as the "Spirit" is concerned, we now beg to say to Southern readers, that their funds were never more welcome than at this moment, and that they are hereby earnestly requested to send to us at once the trifling sums due, in such money as is in good repute in their immediate neighborhoods. Anxious not to obtrude our private affairs upon them further than is possible, we may yet be excused for earnestly asking all who may be in arrears to us, that they would not delay sending forward their several amounts at the earliest possible day. As we have before said to them, the greater the shave, the more we want the money.

£10,000 a-Year.—It was said in this paper last week that the best story in the English October magazines was Lady Blessington's "Antidote to Love." The writer of that line now retracts; he confesses that he had not then read "Blackwood;" he *had* turned it over, and in its rich pages of politics and poetry nothing presented itself that seemed fit for the pages of the "Spirit," but a story twenty-four pages in length—too long altogether for the purpose, and he therefore passed it by. To amuse his own leisure, he has since returned to it, and finds that the neglected tale is one of the best of Blackwood's best. It is not written by Kit North, but by a man of genius certainly—by a new contributor to a magazine in which we never find an article indifferent or tame. In the present instance, the story is much in the manner of "Boz;" its sketches of character are minutely faithful, and the coloring is rich. The fidelity of each picture—from *Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse*, the draper's aspirant, sighing for distinctions in the gay world, and on £35 a-year dreaming of £10,000, down to a firm of wary solicitors, happily named *Quirk*, *Gammon*, and *Snap*—will be acknowledged in a moment, and the whole is aided by ludicrous incident, and flowing humor. No author evinces a nicer perception of the ridiculous, or what is rarer, an ability to convey his vivid conceptions to his readers.

All this, dear reader, is *our* apology for copying the long story of "Ten thousand a-year." Be not deterred by its length—*we* have read it twice, and when the "Spirit" is out shall read it again, nor cease abusing the "British Queen" till she arrives with the November magazines, in which the second part will appear. By the way, there is no such connection between the parts that it annoys you to have them separated; were it otherwise they would not appear in the "Spirit;" but one cannot but look with impatience for a series of papers, the first of which Christopher North himself unequivocally commends.

Jack Sheppard.—This is the title of a story which has appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," and has now been re-published, complete in two 12mo. volumes. It is written by W. Harrison Ainsworth, the editor of the magazine, and author of "Crichton," an admirable romance. Jack Sheppard is a housebreaker, and the interest of the work turns upon his professional adventures; nothing more need be said to attract the attention of those who would read at all upon such themes. The work is from the press of Lea & Blanchard, and is on sale at the Carvills', in this city.

St. Andrew's Day.—A friend of ours, a son of the "Land o' Cakes," called at our sanctum a few minutes since, to remind us that the anniversary of Old Scotia's tutelar saint is nigh at hand. The arrival of the 30th. will summon a goodly array of the countrymen of Wallace and of Burns, to their annual festive meeting at Mrs. Miller's, Blue Bonnet House, Spruce Street, where, as usual, the hospitable board will be duly garnished with good cheer, in honor of the occasion. Many a canny Scot will on that day cast care aside, and haste to the "gatherin," disturbed by no less pleasant thoughts than those connected with St. Andrews' fame, and the honor of Scotland.

SPORTING LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington City, Nov. 11, 1839.

Dear Sir,—You have been complaining that you have not been able to procure an account of the races that took place here last month. I regret this on two accounts: first, because you appear to be hurt by the neglect; and secondly, because it may be a disappointment to many of your readers. You say that you will not make any further effort to procure a report. Now, take that back. The times (I don't mean the "Spirit of the Times," but *the* times) demand great moderation of spirit. Bad promises should be broken up like so many pipe-stems. I will tell you what to do, and there will be no mistake. Just say in your next number that you will be obliged to Gen. Gibson if he will take the trouble to procure you a full, business-like statement of the recent Fall meeting, and you will get it all just pickled up to your hand, as nice as can be. He will give you the names, ages, pedigrees, and owners' names, of every nag that appeared upon the course, with the time of each heat, and all the horses in their right positions. You see, I *know* the General will do this for *you* in less than no time at all.

The fact is, I go for early reports of races, and have occasionally taken the responsibility of forwarding you a few chalkings of the doings upon our course. I did so merely because I was afraid that those better qualified for such work might entirely forget you. I sent you no report last Spring, being aware that Kurnel Whetstone was here, and would do the thing as it ought to be. At the conclusion of our races, a few days ago, I went to work and made out a statement of the first day's racing, and had all the materials at hand for a history of those of the succeeding days, when, in the midst of my "labor of love," your paper came to hand, and announced the fact, which proved to be just no fact at all, that in your next number you would furnish a full report of the late Washington meeting. I felt sincerely pleased with that announcement, and determined at once not to saddle you with the unnecessary expense of postage upon my double letter, that was to have been. So you will see that you were not by any means as bad off for a friend as you had supposed.

Now for a few remarks, and I will let you pass on. It is due to the proprietors to state that they went to a great length to secure good sport this season, but failed to some extent. The race which I was most anxious to see, proved, like your report, no race at all. I mean the Maryland Sweepstake, to which there were some dozen or more subscribers. Three only started. There was but one difficulty in the contest and that was to keep Gov. Sprigg's Autocrat grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood, from distancing the field in the 1st heat. She bounded off from the start, and ran precisely as if she had no rider upon her back. The Gov. was calling out to the rider to hold her up, but it was no use—he pulled her as if he had been trying to stop her entirely from the start, and it was not in his power to do so, until she had ran half a mile after the heat was out. There is not a finer mover in the whole race-horse creation! In fine, no three year old in America can beat her, in my opinion. Yet she was the only one distanced in the whole field at Camden! What was the matter there I know not. She ran out her heat here in 3:45, under a sawing pull from the jump. I did wish that Col. W. R. Johnson could have seen her performance here—it would have done him good for a month. On the first day we had a Stake and a Club race, both two miles and repeat. Gen. Hunter's Diamond colt, Col. Thomson's Autocrat bay filly, and your Mariner, came up for the stake. The two colts went off like an explosion of fire-rockets from the start, and kept up the blaze for a mile and a half, nearly locked; here they faltered, and the filly, who had been going at her ease, made a dash and won the heat. In the 2d heat the Diamond colt bolted, and the filly out-footed Mariner, and won with ease the worst managed race, with one exception, which I have seen for many long years. On the three mile day we had *one* splendid heat and a blow up. Buck-Eye and Rowena, the contending nags—Rowena led for two and a half miles as if four packs of hounds were at her heels—Buck-Eye well up. Upon entering the last half-mile he made a dash, collared the mare and passed her like a bullet fresh from the muzzle of a musket. When abont to enter the stretch home, and being two full lengths clear of the mare, the boy on his back turned him out upon a hard path, on the extreme line of the track—here the mare gained upon him a little, and they ran home, jump and jump, in as tugging a contention as your eyes ever witnessed, Buck-Eye winning the heat. Then came on one of those disturbances, the like of which are constantly marring the quiet and happiness of Adam's children. Some one walked up to the Judges and told them that Buck-Eye was rode foul at the head of the stretch in the last mile. Enquiry was made of the Stewards, and the result was that two of the three judges pronounced Buck-Eye a *distanced* horse, on account of foul riding! It was agreed, however, that as the third horse in the race had been distanced, and without any claim to the purse, Buck-Eye should be allowed to gallop alone in the 2d heat, and that the whole difficulty should be submitted to the final determination of the Jockey Club.

Now you will see that here were four wrongs—1st, Buck-Eye was innocent of foul riding—2d, If the majority of the judges declared it foul riding, Rowena was entitled to the money without any consultation with the club—3d, Mr. Wilson ought to have submitted, without a moment's hesitation, to the decision of the judges, and to have declined every thing like an appeal to the club. It was his own judges, and his own club! As a man of refinement, and a liberal sportsman, he should have at once given the money to his *guest* and friend, who annually, more than any other man, sustains the Washington Course—4th, When the club decided against him, also, Mr. Wilson went into a miserable pet, and allowed himself to use insulting remarks towards a portion of the club. These occurrences are a disgrace to the turf. The Judges were three gentlemen of the most exalted standing in this community, and would not consent to do an unjust act to save their own right arms. There are not three men on earth to whose decision I would sooner submit a matter of the utmost moment. That they decided according to the evidence before them is beyond all doubt. But I am sttll perfectly certain, from my own observation, that there was absolutely no foul riding whatever. Buck-Eye merely abandoned the inside for the outside of the track, when several lengths clear of the mare, and before they entered upon the stretch home.

Mr. Long's challenge has created a sensation here, having been conspicuously copied into the National Intelligencer. He made a most unnecessary emphasis on the little pronoun I, as I take it for granted that he meant "Nap." all the while. Mr. Long has at command all the currency (say $30,000) he talks about, but he would not stake it upon "my horse Boston," if he did not calculate upon the management of Col. Johnson. Boston and Wagner are timers of a high order, but the Col. is a greater man than either of them are horses! He can take Wagner and beat Boston, or he can beat either with the Queen. If gentlemen will promise me that they will keep their tempers, I wil go a few chalkings further. Col. Johnson could beat either of the above named horses, in the fall of 1840, with either Omega, or Decatur, or Clarion. And, further, in three matches, he can take the last three named nags and beat the other three, in four mile heats, for $20,000 each race. If any man would bet me two to one, I will put up my money that he carries the thing *unanimously!* So it is no use to talk about "*my* horse Boston." The Col. could take "Fanny," and beat the choice of the whole *six*.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

A meeting was held at the Astor House, on Saturday last, of the friends of Mr. Wallack, and the result of their proceedings may be found in the official details below.

The exceedingly severe pressure in the money market, with a prospect of a continuance of the difficulties, would have deterred friends less staunch than Mr. Wallack's, from any attempt to prosecute the work at present. It evinces most plainly the very high regard in which he is held by them, for nothing but his personal popularity could have carried the project *thus far* towards fulfilment.

A meeting was held by the subscribers to the new Metropolitan Theatre, at the Astor House, on Saturday evening, for the election of Trustees, and the transaction of other business; M. M. Noah in the Chair, and F. L. Waddell, Secretary.

General Sandford stated that the amount of subscriptions would authorise the commencement of the work, and that the remaining stock would be taken up immediately after breaking ground, and that the first step prior to calling in an instalment, as the whole amount of subscription would not be required until August next, was the election of Trustees; and, on motion of J. Prescott Hall, Esq., the election was proceeded in, and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected:—

Chas. A. Heckscher,	Robert Emmett,
Washington Coster,	J. Prescott Hall,
Wm Paxon Hallett,	Thos. E. Davis

The subscribers proceeded to examine all the plans submitted by various architects and artists, when, after deliberation, it was resolved to adopt the plans of Calvin Pollard, Esq, and to direct that all the necessary specifications be made out for the erection of the building.

It was further resolved, that as soon as the specifications are made out, the contracts shall be entered into, and the woak forthwith commenced.

From the Minutes.

F. L. Waddell, Secretary — M. M. Noah, Chairman.

A Strong Wind.—A Tennessee paper says that John L. Wind, Esq., of Mississippi, it is said, recently thrashed three men in one minute. That wind must have blown a strong hurricane at the time. The chap would make a fortune in the West Indies, by running an opposition against tornadoes. Baltimore Sun.

"Let the toast be—dear woman," as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast table.

Finn's Last.—Why is a quarrelsome man like a beef-steak? Because he is always in a *broil*.

"You're heartily velcome," as the spider said to the fly ven he caught him on his veb.

"Come to my arms, my love," as Bruin said to the man he vos abcut to ug in the voods.

"Hallo Snooks, what's the matter with you to-day?" "I've got the bank fever." "What's that?" Why one empty pocket and another without nothing in it?"

"My dear, what shall we name our babe," said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.

"Why, huz, I've settled on Peter."

"Peter! Good Lord. I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could earn his salt?"

"Well, then, call him *Salt Petre*."

A WOLF-HUNT IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA."

It was about the middle of January that the inhabitants of a few townships, contiguous to each other, agreed to muster in a wolf-hunt. The season, however, was far from favorable, for, besides the great severity of the frost, the loose snow, every where, lay nearly two feet deep in the woods. But the wolves had been committing such serious depredations upon the small flocks of the farmers, that the settlers had lost all their patience, and every day's delay might be attended with no trifling loss to some individual or other in the settlement. On the occasion alluded to, however, I believe that I hardly should have been induced to "turn out," had it not been that the son of a friend of mine, in one of the Atlantic cities, happened to be spending a few weeks with me in the backwoods, a part of the world he had never before visited. It was chiefly upon his account, therefore, that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, and the difficulty of wading through the deep snow, I made up my mind to join in the hunt. During the preceding night, the cold (already intense) had increased in severity, so that when we breakfasted, an hour before day, the mercury in my thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero, or fifty degrees below the freezing point!

With our rifles on our shoulders,—a morsel of backwoods' fare in our pockets,—and high expectations to excite our breasts (particularly that of my young friend Fred.), we wended our way along a narrow track, which led to the place of rendezvous; and although the degree of cold had but little abated from that already mentioned, we did not encumber ourselves with any extra clothing: our seal-skin caps were necessarily drawn down over our ears, while our hands were protected with fur or thick woollen mittens: but on our feet we wore nothing over our ordinary strong boots. Had there been a brisk breeze blowing at the time, we should have found the cold insupportable; but there was not a breath of air, nor cloud, nor vapour, to obstruct the rays of the bright morning-star; while the snow along the half-beaten track lay light and feathery, and elastic to the tread.

In less than half an hour from the time we reached the place appointed to meet, the whole of our party had mustered; and in the lapse of something more than another half hour a captain had been chosen, and everything not previously arranged completed. As some of the other townships were considerably more populous than ours, we calculated that about 500 rifles would turn out; and it afterwards appeared that the calculation was very near the mark. We all drew numbers for the positions we were to take up in the line,—a practice resorted to in order to avoid any disputes that might otherwise arise, since some parts of the woods are more open than others; and, therefore, more easily traversed. I stipulated, however that young Fred. should not draw a number, but be allowed to take a position next to the captain of our little band, an old and experienced hunter, to whom I suggested every precaution for my young friend's safety, as well as for his being an efficient character so far as it was possible to make him. The extent of ground our party had to cover was about two and a half miles; and as we mustered nearly ninety hunters, we had, at the outset, to be placed something over fifty yards asunder. But our part of the line might be a little longer or shorter, according as the wings of the parties on the right and left might be pushed towards us. I drew a number that gave me a position about a mile to the right of young Fred.; so that from the time of taking our places until the termination of the hunt, I did not calculate upon seeing him again. Every sixth or seventh man was provided with a horn, or tin trumpet, (the bugles of the backwoods) for the purpose of sounding them at stated intervals, in order to enable the whole line to advance in tolerably regular order; and for another purpose, as will presently appear.

At nine o'clock we were in our respective places, when the horns were blown for the first time—that being the signal to advance. But advancing where the snow is over your knees, through a thick and almost impervious growth of underwood (as was the case in several places,) and among and over prostrate trees in others, is no easy matter, even for the practised backwoodsman. In such cases it is quite impossible to guard against stumbling-blocks; so that if much precaution be not exercised, it is ten to one that in the space of an hour's toiling you are more than once on all-fours, and the barrel of your rifle full of snow.—I had forewarned my young tyro of the difficulties he had to contend with; but he was too young, ardent, and ambitious to conceive either danger or difficulty in the enterprise.

Our instructions were not to fire at anything but the regular enemy–wolves; the deer at that season being lean and worthless; and the bears being in their winter quarters, it was not probable we should fall in with any of them. Panthers there were none (then) in that district; and as for foxes, wild cats, and other small fry, they were beneath our notice on an occasion like the present.

It was well known to us that the wolves we were in pursuit of had, for the last two or three weeks, taken up their quarters (by day) in an alder swamp, where the growth of underwood was so thick, that it was almost impossible for the most expert hunter to scramble through the bushes; and quite impossible to use fire-arms effectively. We therefore had but little hopes of falling in with our game in the more open parts of the forest, for the alder swamp might be considered their citadel; and it was somewhat doubtful whether or not they would be inclined to evacuate it through any means we might adopt. Acting upon this opinion, our plan was as follows:—On the arrival of the whole body of hunters on the several confines of the swamp (which was not more than 400 yards across) all our horn and trumpet-men were to make their way into the thicket, as well as they might; and, by beating the bushes, blowing their horns, &c., use every endeavor to unkennel the sullen quarry. In order to guard against accidents, it was understood that no wolf should be fired at until he had broken through our line. For this purpose, when our forces reached their halting-place, they moved off to the right and left, in order to form various "gaps" or openings in the line, through which the wolves might be induced to pass.—Then came a moment of no little excitement, for, notwithstanding the general orders that had been issued—not to fire *inwards*, I well knew that where considerable numbers of backwoods riflemen are assembled, some of them are generally not "rig'lar particklar" in obeying orders; and the hissing whistle of the rifle-balls, glancing from tree to tree, is not the most agreeable tune to dance to on a winter's day, although your toes *may be* as cold and stiff as icicles, and stand in need of some particularly exciting motion to keep the blood in circulation.

It so happened, that, after the horn-men had been making a "tarnation rumption" for some sime in the thicket of alders, two dog-wolves came brushing up towards the opening near which I stood; and after halting for a few seconds, at the distance of between twenty and thirty paces from us, to examine the opening by which to escape, made a "straight-a-head-dash;" and, with eyes half closed, and ears in the attitude of a village cur's, with a tin kettle tied to its tail, in a few seconds they were bounding through the deep snow in the rear of our line. A few seconds more, and upwards of thirty rifles had been discharged at them! One was shot through the heart, and fell dead on the spot; the other had been struck by six or seven balls at the first discharge; but as life was not extinct several scattering shots were fired at him from the right and left, until he sank motionless in the blood-stained snow. As it turned out, it would have been better if those who had thus needlessly thrown away their fire, had reserved it. Before the rifles could be reloaded, an old bitch-wolf made directly for the adjoining opening to the left of where I stood; and although some eight or ten shots were fired at her, after being hard hit, and turning two or three summersets in the snow, before the parties who had previously discharged their pieces could bring them to bear upon her, she had got upon her legs and presently disappeared in the distant bushes.

This gang, as I said, consisted of seven wolves; six of which, within less than an hour from the time we had halted on the confines of the swamp, had been destroyed; the only one that escaped was that before alluded to; and as she had left ample traces of blood on the snow, it was generally supposed that she would be found dead at no great distance. This, it afterwards appeared, was a wrong calculation; for although a party of athletic and hardy hunters tracked her through the wilderness for some miles, and, in fact, until the shades of night and excessive fatigue admonished them to give up the pursuit, she eventually escaped, recovered from her wounds, and became the most notorious pest to a small adjoining settlement that had ever infested it since the country first became settled. Though she recovered from two or three severe wounds, she lost one of her hind-feet (which was afterwards found by a hunter), from which circumstance she became familiarly known as "the three-legged wolf."

I must not stop to relate some curious circumstances connected with two of three "hunts" that this three-legged jade afterwards afforded us, for it is time that I should look after my young tyro, Fred. After the fire had ceased, I plodded my way as well as I was able towards that part of the line where I expected to find him; but, to my surprise, none of those whose places had been near his had seen him after the first half hour, when the line was formed in the morning;—not even the captain of the hunt, to whose notice I had especially recommended him. My apprehensions for his safety were raised immediately. By the time that I had ascertained that the youth was actually missing, it was about two in the afternoon; and although the sun shone bright in a perfectly cloudless sky, the intensity of the frost was so great, that even where its oblique rays penetrated the surface of the snow, among the tall forest-trees, their influence was scarcely perceptible. Without waiting for the assembled hunters to disperse, or even to listen to the boastings of those who might claim the of the wolves that had been shot down (there being a high bounty upon wolves' scalps in that district,) I set off homeward accompanied by a single hunter that resided near me. We stopped occasionally, and hallooed, in order to attract the attention of the youth, provided he was wandering in that part of the forest through which we passed; but our shouts were in vain, not even an echo answered our calls. I was in hopes, however, that he might have wandered a little too much towards the left, for in that direction there was a sort of wood-track which led back to the place of our assembling in the morning, and I had not omitted to acquaint him with this matter. Nor had I neglected to call the attention to the bearings of my residence, from the portion of the forest we were about to "drive"; and I had, moreover, reminded him of the position the sun would be seen in at the various periods of the day.

About four o'clock we reached the hunter's cottage, the place of our assembling in the morning; but, to my mortification, we could gain no tidings of the missing youth. Still it was *possible* that he might have passed the house in question without the inmates seeing him, or have wandered through the neighbouring thickets, and yet have reached home without ever falling into the wood-track until near his journey's end.

When I reached home, the last rays of the sun had just faded in the west, and the shades of night were fast approaching; but I could learn no tidings of young Fred. I then became seriously alarmed for his safety, and scarcely knew what steps to take in an emergency so peculiar. It was quite clear, however, that there was no time to lose, and I therefore resolved upon raising the whole neighbourhood. For this purpose I made one of my boys get into a sleigh, and drive with all practicable speed along such roads as it was possible for the horses to make their way in, and inform the inhabitants that a young gentleman was missing in the wood; while to such places as this messenger was not likely to reach, I sent off another boy and the hunter that had returned with me. I then hastened back with all speed, hoping to intercept some of the hunters on their way to their homes. Although, on ordinary occasions I have known it very difficult to interest or excite these people's feelings; on emergencies like the present, when the life of a fellow-being was at stake, I have always found them ready to render every assistance. By the time that it was quite dark, fifty or sixty persons had assembled at the settler's house where we met in the morning; while several small parties entered the woods from other directions.

We immediately arranged ourselves into parties of six or seven persons—each party carrying a lantern or two. As we advanced into the woods, we kept up a communication with those on either hand, by hallooing; our shouts, of course, intended also to attract the attention of the lost youngster. After pursuing our way for nearly a couple of hours (the woods being still more difficult to traverse by night than by day), we descried a light, much brighter than that of any lantern; and as we approached it, a voice was heard replying to our hallooing, while, at the same time, we could distinctly see the flickering flames of a large fire. On approaching it still closer, we beheld young Fred, upon the trunk of a prostrate tree, as close to the fire as he could possibly sit without being scorched. From what he related to me, it appeared that after the line was formed in the morning, and had continued to advance for a short time, he came in contact with so impenetrable a thicket, that, after vainly attempting to force his way through it, he was compelled to retrace his steps. The time he lost in this fruitless endeavor, had left him in the rear of the line; and, although he heard faint blasts of the hunters' horns, he met with further difficulties in his advance, and presently heard no more of them. He presumed, afterwards, that he had kept too much to the right; and, although he occasionally fell in with footsteps, he was not able to make out which way the parties had been going, owing to the great depth of snow and its extreme lightness. He had also heard several reports of guns, but at so great a distance that he gave up all thoughts of reaching the quarter from whence they proceeded. Being provided with an apparatus for striking a light, he had selected a place where there seemed to be plenty of dry and decayed timber. He next lighted a fire, and, having ate a portion of his small stock of provisions, proceeded to make a collection of fuel, consisting of hemlock and pine bark, and such limbs and branches of trees as came within his reach. He had built up his fire against a tall dead pine-tree, fifty feet of the lower portion of which was in a blaze when we discovered him. After lighting his fire, it was his intention to proceed in the direction in which he supposed my dwelling to lie; but, as the day was advancing, he became fearful of making the experiment, and, ultimately, resolved to abide by his pine-tree, taking the chance of being fallen in with by the hunters on their homeward route; and, if that should not happen, to remain where he was until the next morning, when he would watch the rising of the sun, and set out with the whole day before him. During the afternoon, some deer had approached him within half-rifle distance, but he had floundered in the snow so much that his rifle was rendered useless. He assured me that he never felt alarmed at his situation; and he was of opinion that he could have passed the night by his fire without suffering any peculiar discomfort or inconvenience. This, however, I very much doubt; for, although he had contrived to keep himself tolerably warm during the day, when his time had been principally occupied in collecting fuel, I doubt his being able to keep himself awake during the latter part of the night; for, in addition to fatigue, the increase of cold would have a tendency to produce drowsiness; and, if once he had suffered sleep to overpower him, that sleep would have been his last.

Fred., however, has lived to be a keen and expert woodsman; and few young men among the whole range of the Alleghany Mountains are more adventurous hunters, or can use a rifle with a more deadly aim than himself.

London Sporting Review.

VARIETIES.

Doing up considerable Sleep.—"Away out to Missouri" they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the road-side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:—

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I rather reckon we have."

"How many have yon about this time that aint noways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room, and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then—we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and wrapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all of the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds?

"Why, look here," said he, "strangers, I aint had no sleep these eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping: I've hired all these beds and paid for them, and hang me if I don't have eleven night's sleep out on 'em before morning."

David Crockett.—This eccentric character had the reputation of possessing ready wit, though in our intercourse with him we never could discover an aptness in his retaliations, or a quick sally when he was cornered. The anecdote that we are about to relate, rather goes to prove that he was not always off his guard.

While holding a seat in Congress, he contracted a dislike for the Hon. Mr. W——, who was not at all considered a model for manly beauty, and who, also, wore spectacles to conceal his cross-eyes. The Colonel was at an exhibition of wild beasts in Washington, when he was called on to express his opinion of a large baboon that figured amongst the rest of the animals.

"If he only wore a pair of goggles," said Crockett, "he would be as like Mr. W—— as two peas."

Turning round, he saw Mr. W—— by his side, and, in order to smooth over the affair, continued with perfect collectedness—

"Is that you, W——? Well, I owe an apology somewhere—and I don't know whether to make it to you or the monkey."

A few days ago, a butcher in this neighborhood, who has always been considered "wide awake," lost a shoulder of mutton; and having ascertained that it had been stolen by a dog belonging to a certain attorney, he lost no time in repairing to its owner, and accosted him as follows: "Pray, sir, if a dog comes to my shop and runs away with a joint of meat, cannot I make the owner pay for it?" "Certainly," replied the attorney. "Then I will thank you for 3s. 9d., which is the price of a shoulder of mutton your pointer has just stolen from me." The lawyer paid the money, and the knight of the cleaver thanking him and wishing him good morning, was leaving the office; but the solicitor said, "Stay sir, I must trouble you for my fee. You came to consult me, I gave you my opinion, and the charge is 6s. 3d." The butcher looked exceedingly "sheepish," but instantly paid the amount, and returned home with the loss of his mutton, and an additional 2s. 11d.

English paper.

There is a man in New Orleans who cannot remember any thing, unless he has his specks on.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

About ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July, 183–, the dazzling sunbeams which had for many hours irradiated a little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and stimulated with their intensity the closed eyelids of a young man lying in bed, at length awoke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation he experienced in them; and yawned and stretched his limbs with a heavy sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes on the heap of clothes lying huddled together on the backless chair by the bedside, and where he had hastily flung them about an hour after midnight; at which time he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep after a long day's work, while in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time it took him to do so; and on dropping exhausted into bed, there he had continued in deep unbroken slumber, till the moment at which he is presented to the reader. He lay for several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute eye towards the tiny fireplace, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder-box and a match or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his fire for the purpose of shaving and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his feet, again yawned and stretched himself, then he lit his fire, placed his bit of a kettle on the top of it, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eye fixed on the fire, watching the crackling blaze insinuate itself through the wood and cool. Once, however, it began to fail, so he had to get up and assist it by blowing and bits of paper; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down, but sit on the bedside, as he did with his arms folded, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable church-bells, clamorously calling the citizens to their devotions. What passed through his mind was something like the following:—

"Heigho!—Oh, Lord!—Dull as ditch water!—This is my only holiday, yet I don't seem to enjoy it—the fact is, I feel knocked up with my week's work.—Lord, what a life mine is, to be sure! Here am I, in my eight-and-twentieth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Dowlas, Tag-rag, Bobbin and Company's—slaving from seven in the morning till ten at night, and all for a salary of £35 a-year, and my board! And Mr. Tag-rag is always telling me how high he's raised my salary! Thirty-five pounds a-year is all I have for lodging, and appearing like a gentleman! Oh, Lord, it can't last; for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such strange thoughts! Seven shillings a-week do I pay for this cursed hole—(he uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a disgustful look round the little room)—that one couldn't swing a cat in without touching the sides!—Last winter, three of our gents. (*i. e.* his fellow-shopmen) came to tea with me one Sunday night; and bitter cold as it was, we four made this d—d dog-hole so hot, we were obliged to open the window!—And as for accommodations—I recollect I had to borrow two nasty chairs from the people below, who on the next Sunday borrowed my only decanter, in return, and, hang them, cracked it!—Curse me, if this life is worth having! It's all the very vanity of vanities, and no mistake! Fag, fag, fag, all one's days, and—what for? Thirty-five pounds a-year, and '*no advance!*' Bah, bells! ring away till you're all cracked!—Now do you think *I'm* going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the seven I've got to sweeten myself in, and snuff fresh air? A precious joke that would be!—Whew!—after all, I'd as lieve sit here; for what's the use of my going out? Every body I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me!—Every body laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counter-jumper, for whom it's no use to go out!—Oh, Lord, what's the use of being good-looking, as some chaps say I am?"—Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-colored hair, and cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass that hung against the wall, and which, by faithfully representing to him a by no means plain set of features (despite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, had afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world for years. "Ah, Lord! many and many's the fine gal I've done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop,—that is, when I've seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation; look at Tom Tarnish—how did he get Miss Twang, the rich piano forte maker's daughter?—and now he's cut the shop, and lives at Hackney like a regular gentleman! Ah! that *was* a stroke! But some how, it hasn't answered with me yet: the gals don't take! Lord, how I have set my eyes and ogled them—all of them don't seem to dislike the thing—and sometimes they'll smile, in a sort of way that says I'm safe—but 'tis no use, not a bit of it!—My eyes! catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop—after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn't I feel like damaged goods, just then! But, it's no matter, women are so different at different times!—Very likely I mismanaged the thing.—By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks—cut me to ribbans"—another glance at the glass—"no; I an't afraid *there*, neither—but,—heigh-ho!—I suppose he was, as they, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and had never so many thousand a-year, to make up to him for never so few brains! He was uncommon well dressed though, I must own. What trowsers!—they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waistcoat, and satin stock—what an air! And yet, his figure was nothing *very* out of the way! His gloves, as white as snow; I've no doubt he wears a pair of them a-day—my stars! that's three and sixpence a-day, for don't I know what *they* cost?—Whew! if I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing!—And when he'd seen her into her carriage—the horse he got on!—and what a tip-top groom—that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary!" Here was a long pause. "Now—just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befal *me*. Say somebody was to leave me lots of cash,—many thousands a-year, or something in that line! My stars! would'nt I go it with the best of them!" Another long pause. "Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it!—I think, by the way, I'd buy a title to set off with—for what won't money buy? The thing's often done; there was a great biscuit baker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money—and why should'nt I?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clasping his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched out his arms to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn. "Lord, only think how it would sound!

SIR TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, BARONET.

The very first place I'd go to, after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Stulze's tip-top, should be—our cursed shop, to buy a dozen or two pair of white kid. What a flutter there would be among the poor pale devils as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters, at Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co.'s, when my carriage drew up, and I stepped into the shop! Tag-rag would come and attend to me himself. No, he wouldn't—pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, thongh: what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny. I shouldn't quite come Captain Stiff over him; but I should treat him with a kind of an air, too, as if—hem! how delightful!" A sigh and a pause. "Yes, I should often come to the shop. Gad, it would be half the fun of my fortune! And they would envy me, to be sure! How one should enjoy it! I wouldn't think of marrying till—and yet I wont say either; ff I get among some of them out and outers—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a-year in my pocket! Why, she'd be running after *me*, or there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course. I might marry whom I pleased. Who couldn't I got with ten thousand a-year?" Another pause. "I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this hair of mine any color I liked—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them! While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows"—Crash went all his castle-building, at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing, whizzing, sputtering in the agonies of boiling over; as if the intolerable heat of the fire had driven desperate the poor creature placed upon it, who instinctively tried thus to extinguish the cause of its anguish. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, and placed on the fire a tiny fragment of fresh coal, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purposes of breakfast. Then he spread out a bit of crumpled whity-brown paper, that had folded up a couple of cigars which he had bought over-night for the Sunday's special enjoyment—and which, if he supposed they had come from any place beyond the four seas, I imagine him to have been slightly mistaken. He placed this bit of paper on the little mantel-piece; drew his solitary, well-worn razor several times across the palm of his left hand; dropped his brush, worn within an inch of the stump, into the hot water; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap—and in less than five minutes Mr. Titmouse was a shaved man. But mark—don't suppose that he had performed an extensive operation. One would have thought him anxious to get rid of as much as possible of his abominable sandy-colored hair—quite contrary. Every hair of his spreading whiskers was sacred from the touch of steel; and a bushy crop of hair stretched underneath his chin, coming curled out on each side of it, above his stock, like two little horns or tusks. An imperial—*i. e.* a dirt-colored tuft of hair, permitted to grow perpendicularly down the upper lip of puppies—and a pair of promising mustachios, poor Mr. Tit-

mouse had been compelled to sacrifice some time before, to the tyrannical whimsies of his vulgar employers, Messrs. Dowlas and Tag-rag, who imagined them not to be exactly suitable appendages for counter-jumpers. So that it will be seen that the space shaved over on this occasion was somewhat circumscribed. This operation over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he stroked carefully into his eye-brows; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair into half-a-dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr. Titmouse.—Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, aud twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eye-browa and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel; and no further did Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had he been able to "see himself as others saw him," in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought it superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after all, he knew best; it might have given him cold: and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal any thing that was unsightly. Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren's "incomparable blacking," and a couple of brushes, with great labor and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and replaced his blacking implements under his bed, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in which he had brought it—whereas it was, in fact, chicory.) Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—*i. e.* on the preceding two Sundays—and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three "studs," connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly stylish—especially coupled with a span new satin stock which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots, (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings,) he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trowsers, for the first time since their last washing; aud what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight that you would have feared their bursting, if he should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not *impossible* that he might intend to ride during the day.—Then he put on a queer kind of under waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-colored silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic-gold chain, (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch,) which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; from which soft depository, also, he drew HIS RING, (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not diamond,) which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction. Having proceeded thus far in his toilet, he sar down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trowsers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late waking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring!—Having swallowed two cups of his *quasi*-coffee, (eugh! such stuff!) he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on:—then, before him the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twitching about the collar and sleeves, and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wrist-bands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. At that useful member he could not help looking with a sigh, as he had often done before—for it was not a handsome hand. It was broad and red, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, with very coarse deep wrinkles at every joint. His nails also were flat and shapeless; and he used to be continually gnawing them till he had succeeded in getting them down to the quick—and they were a sight to set a Christian's teeth on edge. Then he extracted from the first-mentioned trunk a white pocket-handkerchief—an exemplary one, that had gone through four Sundays' show, (not *use*, be it understood,) and yet was capable of exhibition again. A pair of sky-colored kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however, showed such bare-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brown tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light color, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well-formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction; and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say any thing of the sort. He was about five feet five inches in height, and rather strongly set, with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his limbs were pliant, and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life—certainly no more than an average sample of his kind; but as he is to go through a considerable variety of situation and circumstance, I thought you would like to have him as distinctly before your mind's eye as it was in my power to present him. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttous of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup; and, the sun shining in the full splendor of a July noon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford-street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Pretty finery without, a pinched and stinted stomach within; a case of Back *versus* Belly, (as the lawyers would say,) the plaintiff winning in a canter! Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, "My eyes! *an't* that a swell!" He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—"Oxford-street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children." Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded court (Closet Court) which he had just quitted. He passed and met hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegauce of appearance—and that was a *luxury!* Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along!

He felt as happy, poor soul, in his little ostentation, as his Corinthian rival in tip-top turn-out, after twice as long, and as anxious, and fifty times as expensive, preparations for effective public display! Nay, *my* poor swell was greatly the superior of such an one as I have alluded to. Titmouse *did*, to a great degree, bedizen his back at the expense of his belly; whereas, the Corinthian exquisite, too often taking advantage of station and influence, recklessly both satiates his appetite within, and decorates his person without, at the expense of innumerable heart-aching creditors. I do not mean, however, to claim any real merit for Titmouse on this score, because I am not sure how he would act if he were to become possessed of his magnificent rival's means and opportunities for the perpetration of gentlemanly frauds on a splendid scale. But we shall perhaps see by-and-bye. He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him. Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their martial aspendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trousers, his tight surtout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance rencontre with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood, resting on his left leg; his left arm stuck upon his hip; his right leg easily bent outwards; his right hand lightly holding his ebon cane, with the gilt-head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes, half-closed, scrutinizing the face and figure of each "*pretty gal*" as she passed! This was indeed HAPPINESS, as far as his forlorn condition could admit of his enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shopmates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved to-day to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde Park, "to see the fashions," which was his favorite Sunday occupation.

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his *prospects* in life—what was his present condition? A shopman, with £35 a-year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—his board being found him by his employers. He was five weeks in arrear to his landlady—a corpulent old termagant, whom nothing could have induced him to risk offending, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say, that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride. How he had contrived to pacify her—lie upon lie as he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was in debt, too, to his poor washerwoman in six or seven shillings for nearly a quarter's washing; and owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow, wrinkled face, imploring him to "settle his small account." All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses!

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford-street. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor dandy was; but three-fourths of his misery were occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called, *i. e.* reading, writing, and arithmetic: beyond a very moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever; not having read more than a few novels, and plays, and sporting newspapers. Deplorable, however, as were his circumstances—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

And probably, in common with most who are miserable from straightened circumstances, he often conceived, and secretly relied upon, the possibility of an unexpected change for the better: he had heard and read of extraordinary cases of LUCK. Why might he not be one of the LUCKY? A rich girl might fall in love with him—that was, poor fellow! in his consideration, the least unlikely way of luck's advent; or some one might leave him money; or he might win a prize in the lottery;—all these, and other accidental modes of getting enriched, frequently occurred to the well-regulated mind of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; but he never once thought of determined, unwearying industry and perseverance in the way of business conducing to such a result.

Is his case a solitary one?—Dear reader, *you* may be unlike poor Tittlebat Titmouse in every respect except *one!*

On he walked towards Bayswater; and finding it was yet early, and considering that the farther he went from town the better prospect there was of his being able, with little sacrifice of appearances, to get a dinner consistent with the means he carried about with him, viz. one shilling, he pursued his way a mile or two beyond Bayswater, and, sure enough, came at length upon a nice little public-house on the road-side, called the Squaretoes Arms. Very tired, and quite smothered with dust, he first sat down in a small back room to rest himself; and took the opportunity to call for a clothes-brush and shoe-brush, to relieve his clothes and boots from the heavy dust upon them. Having thus attended to his outer man, as far as circumstances would permit, he bethought himself of his inner man, whose cravings he satisfied with a pretty substantial mutton-pie and a pint of porter. This fare, together with a penny to the little girl who waited on him, cost him tenpence; and having somewhat refreshed himself, he began to think of returning to town. Having lit one of his two cigers, he sallied forth, puffing along with an air of quiet enjoyment. Dinner, however humble, seldom fails, especially when accompanied by a fair draught of good porter, in some considerable degree to tranquillize the animal spirits; and taat soothing effect began soon to be experienced by Mr. Titmouse. The sedative *cause* he erroneously considered to be the cigar he was smoking; whereas in fact the only tobacco he had imbibed was from the porter. But, however that might be, he certainly returned to towards town in a far calmer and even more cheerful humor than that in which he had quitted it an hour or two before.

As he approached Cumberland Gate, it wanted about a quarter to five; and the Park might be said to be at its *acme* of fashion, as far as that could be indicated by a sluggish stream of carriages, three and four a-breast—coroneted panels in abundance—noble and well-known equestrians of both sexes, in troops—and some thousand pedestrians of the same description. So continuous was the throng of carriages and horsemen, that Titmouse did not find it the easiest matter in the world to shoot across to the footpath in the minor circle. That, however, he safely accomplished, encountering no more serious mischance than the subdued "D—n your eyes!" of a groom, between whom and his master Mr. Titmouse had presumed to intervene. What a crowd of elegant women, many of them young and beautiful, (who but such, to be sure, would become, or be allowed to become, pedestrians in the Park?) he encountered, as he slowly sauntered on, all of them obsequiously attended by brilliant beaux! Lords and ladies were here manifestly as plentiful as plebeins in Oxford Street. What an enchanting ground!—How delicious this soft crush and flutter of aristocrary! Poor Titmouse felt his utter insignificance. Many a sigh of dissatisfaction and envy escaped him; yet he stepped along with a tolerably-assured air, looking every body he met straight in the face, and occasionally twirling about his little cane with an air which seemed to say—"Whatever opinion *you* may form of me, I have a very good opinion of myself." Indeed, was he not as much a man—an Englishman—as the best of them? What was the real difference between Count Do-'em-all and Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse? Only that the Count had dark whiskers, and owed more money than Mr. Titmouse's creditors could be persuaded to allow *him* to owe! Would to Heaven—thought Titmouse—that any *one* tailor would patronise *him*, as half-a dozen had patronised the Count! If pretty ladies of quality did not disdain a walking advertisement of three or four first rate tailors, like the Count, why should they turn up their noses at an assistant in an extensive wholesale and retail establishment in Oxford Street, conversant with the qualities and prices of the most brilliant articles of female attire? Leaning against the railing in a studied attitude, and eyeing wistfully each gay and fashionable equipage, with its often lovely, and sometimes haughty enclosure, as it rolled past him, Mr. Titmouse became more and more convinced that the only real distinction between mankind was that effected by money. Want of money alone had placed him in his present abject position. Abject indeed? By the great folk, who were passing him on all sides, he felt, well-dressed as he believed himself to be, that he was no more noticed than as if he had been a pismire, a blue-bottle fly, or a black beetle! He looked, and sighed—sighed, and looked—looked and sighed again, in a kind of agony of vain longing. While his only day in the week for breathing fresh air, and appearing like a gentleman in the world, was rapidly drawing to a close, and he was beginning to think of returning to the dog-hole he had crawled out of in the morning, and the shop for the rest of the week; the great, and gay, and happy folk he was looking at, were thinking of driving home to dress for their grand dinners, and to lay out every kind of fine amusement for the ensuing week, and that was the sort of life they led every day in the week. He heaved a profound sigh. At that moment a superb cab, with a gentleman in it dressed in great elegance, and with a very keen and striking countenance, came up with a cab of still more exquisite structure and appointments, in which sate a young man, evidently of consequence; very handsome, with splendid mustachios; perfectly well-dressed; holding the reins and whip gracefully in hands glistening in straw-colored kid gloves—and between the two gentlemen ensued the following low-toned colloquy, which it were to be wished that every such sighing simpleton (as Titmouse must, I fear, now appear to the reader) could have overheard.

"Ah, Fitz!" said the former-mentioned gentleman to the latter, who blushed scarlet when he perceived who had addressed him—"When did you return to town?"

"Last night only."

"Enjoyed yourself, I hope?"

"Pretty well—but—I suppose——"

"Sorry for it," interrupted the first speaker in a lower tone, perceiving the vexation of his companion; "but can't help it, you know."

"When?"

"To-morrow at nine. Monstrous sorry for it—'pon my soul, Fitz, you really must look sharp, or the thing won't go on much longer."

"Must it be, really?" enquired the other, biting his lips—at that moment kissing his hand to a very beautiful girl, who slowly passed him in a coroneted chariot—"must it really be, Joe?" he repeated, turning towards his companion a pale and bitterly-chagrined countenance.

"Poz, 'pon my life. Cage clean, however, and not very full——"

"Would not *Wednesday?*——" enquired the other, leaning forward towards the former speaker's cab, and whispering with an air of intense earnestness. "The fact is, I've engagements at C——'s on Monday and Tuesday nights with one or two country cousins, and I *may* be in a condition—eh? you understand?"

His companion shook his head distrustfully.

"Upon my word and honor as a gentleman, it's the fact!" said the other, in a low vehement tone.

"Then—say Wednesday, nine o'clock, A.M. You understand? No mistake, Fitz?" replied his companion, looking him steadily in the face as he spoke.

"None—honor!"—After a pause—"Who is it?"

His companion took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and in a whisper read from it—"Cabs, harness, &c., £197 10s."

"A villain! It's been of only eighteen months' standing," interrupted the other, in an indignant mutter.

"Between ourselves, he *is* rather a sharp hand. Then, I'm sorry to say there's a detainer or two I have had a hint of——"

"D—n their souls!" exclaimed the other, with an expression of mingled disgust, vexation, and hatred; and adding, "Wednesday—nine"—drove off, a picture of tranquil enjoyment.

I need hardly say that *he* was a fashionable young spendthrift, and the other a sheriff's officer of the first water—the genteelest *beak* that ever was known or heard of—who had been on the look-out for him several days, and with whom the happy youngster was doomed to spend some considerable time at a cheerful residence in Chancery Lane, bleeding gold at every pore the while; his only chance of avoiding which was, as he had truly hinted, an honorable attempt on the purses of two hospitable country cousins, in the meanwhile, at C——'s! And if he did not succeed in that enterprise, so that he *must* go to cage, he lost the only chance he had had for some time of securing an exemption from such annoyance, by entering Parliament to protect the liberties of the people—an eloquent and resolute champion of freedom in trade, religion, and every thing else; and an abolitionist of everything, including, especially, negro slavery and imprisonment for debt—two execrable violations of the natural rights of mankind.

But we have, for several minutes, lost sight of the admiring Titmouse.

"Why," thought he, "am *I* thus spited by fortune? The only thing she's given *me* is—nothing!—*D——n every thing!*" exclaimed Mr. Titmouse aloud, at the same time starting off, to the infinite astonishment of an old peer, who had been for some minutes standing leaning against the railing, close beside him, who was master of a magnificent fortune, "with all appliances and means to boot;" with a fine grown-up family, his eldest son and heir having just gained a Double First, and promising wonders; many mansions in different parts of England; exquisite taste and accomplishment; the representative of one of the oldest families in England; but who at that moment loathed everything and everybody, including himself, because the minister had that day intimated to him that he could not give him a vacant riband, for which he had applied, unless he could command two more votes in the Lower House, and which at present he saw no earthly means of doing. Yes, the Earl of Cheviotdale and Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse were both miserable men; both had been hardly dealt with by fortune; both were greatly to be pitied; and both quitted the Park, about the same time, with a decided misanthropic tendency.

Mr. Titmouse walked along Piccadilly with a truly chopfallen and disconsolate air. He almost felt dissatisfied even with his personal appearance. Dress as he would, no one seemed to care a curse for him; and to his momentarily jaundiced eye, he seemed only equipped in second-hand and shabby finery—and then he was really such a *poor* devil. Do not let the reader suppose that this was an unusual mood with Mr. Titmouse. No such a thing. Like the Irishman who "married a wife for to make him *un-aisy*;" and also not unlike the moth that *will* haunt the brightness that is her destruction; so poor Titmouse, Sunday after Sunday, dressed himself out as elaborately as he had done on the present occasion, and then always betook himself to the scene he had just again witnessed, and which once again had excited only those feelings of envy, bitterness, and despair, which I have been describing, and which, on every such occasion, he experienced with, if possible, increased intensity.

What to do with himself till it was time to return to his cheerless lodgings he did not exactly know; so he loitered along at a snail's pace. He stood for some time staring at the passengers, their luggage, the coaches they were ascending and alighting from, and listening to the strange medley of coachmen's, guards', and porters' vociferations, and passengers' greetings and leave-takings—always to be observed at the White Horse Cellar. Then he passed along till a street row, near the Haymarket, attracted his attention and interested his feelings; for it ended in a regular set-to between two watermen attached to the adjoining coach-stand. Here he conceived himself looking on with the easy air of a swell; and the ordinary penalty (paying for his footing) was attempted to be exacted from him; but he had nothing to be picked out of any of his pockets except that under his very nose, and which contained his white handkerchief. This over, he struck into Leicester Square, where, (he was in luck that night,) hurrying up to another crowd at the further end, he found a man preaching with infinite energy. Mr. Titmouse looked on and listened for two or three minutes with apparent interest; and then, with a countenance in which pity struggled with contempt, muttered, loud enough to be heard by all near him, "poor devil!" and walked off. He had not proceeded many steps before it occurred to him that a friend—on Robert Huckaback, much such another one as himself—lived in one of the narrow, dingy streets in the neighborhood. He determined to take the chances of his being at home, and if so, of spending the remainder of the evening with him. Huckaback's quarters were in the same ambitious proximity to heaven as his own; the only difference being, that they were a trifle cheaper and larger. He answered the door himself, having only the moment before returned from *his* Sunday's excursion—*i. e.* the Jack Straw's Castle Tea-Gardens, at Highbury, where, in company with several of his friends, he had "spent a jolly afternoon." He ordered in a glass of negus from the adjoining public-house, after some discussion, which ended in an agreement that he should stand treat that night, and Titmouse on the ensuing one. As soon as the negus arrived, accompanied by two captain's biscuits, which looked so hard and hopeless that they would have made the nerves thrill within the teeth that attempted to masticate them, the candle was lit—Huckaback handed a cigar to his friend; both began to puff away, and chatter pleasantly concerning the many events and scenes of the day.

"Anything stirring in to-day's Flash?" enquired Titmouse, as his eye caught sight of a copy of that able and interesting Sunday newspaper, which Huckaback had hired for the evening from the news-shop on the ground-floor of his lodgings.

"Not knowing, can't say," answered his friend, removing his cigar with his right hand, and then, with closed eyes and inflated cheeks, he very slowly ejected the smoke which he had last inhaled, and rose and took down the paper from the shelf.

"Here's a mark of a beastly porter-pot that's been set upon it, by all that's holy! It's been at the public-house! Too bad of Mrs. Coggs to send it me up in this state!" said he, handling it as though its touch were contamination. "Faugh! how it stinks!"

"What a horrid beast she must be!" exclaimed Titmouse, in like manner expelling his mouthful of smoke. "But, since better can't be had, let's hear what news is in it. D——e, it's the only paper published, in my opinion, that's worth reading! Any fights a-stirring?"

"Have'nt come to them yet," replied Huckaback, fixing his feet on another chair, and drawing the candle closer to the paper. "It says, by the way, thas the Duke of Dunderhead is certainly making up to Mrs. Thumps, the ricq Nightman's widow;—a precious good hit that, is'nt it? You know the Duke't as poor as a rat!"

"Oh! *that's* no news. It will quite set him up—and no mistake. Seen the Duke, ever?"

"Ye—es! Oh, several times!" This was a lie, and Tittlebat knew that it was.

"D——d good-looking, I suppose?"

"Why—middling; I should say middling. Know *some* that need'nt fear to compare with him—eh! Tittlebat?" and Huckaback winked archly at his friend.

"Ah, ha, ha!—a pretty joke! But come, that's a good chap! You can't be reading both of them at once—give us the other sheet, and set the candle right betwixt us! Come, fair's the word!"

Huckaback, thus appealed to, did as his friend requested; and the two friends read and smoked for some minutes in silence.

"Well—I shall spell over the advertisements now," said Titmouse; "there's a pretty lot of them—and I've read everything else—precious little there is, *here*, besides! So, here goes! One *may* hear of a prime situation, you know—and I'm quite sick of Dowlas'!"

Another interval of silence ensued. Huckaback was deep in the details of a trial for murder; and Titmouse, after having glanced listlessly over the entertaining first sheet of advertisements, was on the point of laying down his half of the paper, when he suddenly started in his chair, and stammered—

"Hollo!—hollo!—Why——"

"What's the matter, Tit?—eh?" enquired Huckaback, greatly astonished.

For a moment Titmouse made no answer, but fixed his eyes intently on the paper, which began to rustle in his trembling hands. What occasioned this eloquent outbreak, with its subsequent agitation, was the following advertisement:—

"NEXT OF KIN—Important.—The next of kin, if any such there be, of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly of Whithaven, cordwainer, and who died somewhere about the year 1793, in London, may hear of something of the GREATEST POSSIBLE IMPORTANCE to himself, or herself, or themselves, by immediately communicating with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill. No time is to be lost. 9th July, 183-.—*The third advertisement.*"

"By George! Here *is* a go!" exclaimed Huckaback, almost as much flustered.

"We aren't dreaming, Hucky—are we?" enquired Titmouse, his eyes still glued to the newspaper.

"No—by George! Never was either of us fellows so precious wide awake in our lives before! that I'll answer for!" Titmouse sate still and silent, and turned very pale.

"Read it up, Huck!—Let's hear how it *sounds*, and then we shall believe it!"

Huckaback read it loud.

"It sounds like something, don't it?" enquired Titmouse, his color a little returning.

"*Uncommon*!—If this isn't something, then there's nothing in anything any more!"

"No! now, do you really think so?" said Titmouse, seeking further confirmation than he had yet derived from his senses of sight and hearing.

"I do, by ——! What a go it is!—Well, my poor old mother used to say, 'depend on it, wonders never *will* cease;" and curse me, if she ever said a truer word!"

Titmouse again read over the advertisement; and then re-lighting his fragment of cigar, puffed earnestly, in silence, for some moments.

"Such things never happens to such a poor devil of a chap as me!" exclaimed Huckaback, with a sigh.

"What *is* in the wind, I wonder?" muttered Titmouse.

"Who knows—hem!—who knows—But now, *really*——" he paused, and once more read over the pregnant paragraph.—"It can't—no, it *can't* be——"

"What, Tit? what can't be?" interrupted Huckaback eagerly.

"Why, I've been thinking—but what do *you* think, eh?—it can't be a cursed hoax of the chaps in the premises at Dowlas'?"

"Bo!—Is there any of 'em flush enough of money to do the thing? And how should they think it would ever come to be seen by you?—Then, besides, there isn't a chap among them that could come up to the composing a piece of composition like that—no, not for all a whole year's salary—there isn't by George!"

"Ah! I don't know," said Titmouse, doubtfully. "But—honor!—do you really now think there's any thing in it?"

"I do—hanged if I don't, Tit!" was the sententious answer.

"Tol de rol, de rol, de rol, de rol,—diddl'em daddl'em—bough!" almost shouted Titmouse, jumping up, snapping his fingers, and dancing about in a wild ecstacy, which lasted for at least a minute.

"Give me your hand, Hucky," said he, almost breathless. "If I *am* a made man—tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lo!—you see, Huck!—if I don't give you the handsomest breast-pin you ever saw! No paste! real diamond!—Hurrah! I will, by jingo!"

Huckaback grasped and squeezed his hand. "We've always been friends, Tit—haven't we?" said he, affectionately.

"My room won't hold me to-night!" continued Titmouse; "I'm sure it won't. I feel as if I were swelling all over. I'll walk the streets all night: I couldn't sleep a wink for the life of me. I'll walk about till the shop opens. Oh, faugh! how nasty! Confound the shop, and Dowlas, Tag-rag, (especially Tag-rag,) and every thing, and every body in it! Thirty-five pounds a-year! See if I won't spend as much in cigars the first month!"

"Cigars! Is that your go? Now, *I* should take lessons in boxing, to begin with. It's a deuced high thing, you may depend upon it, and you can't be fit company for swells without it, Tit!"

"Whatever you like, whatever you like, Hucky! I'm sorry to say it, but how precious lucky that my father and mother's dead, and that I'm an only child—too-ra-laddy, too-ra-laddy!" Here he took such a sudden leap, that I am ashamed to say he split his trowsers very awkwardly, and that sobered him for a moment, while they made arrangements for cobbling it up as well as might be, with a needle and thread which Huckaback always had by him.

"We're rather jumping in the dark a-bit, aren't we, Tit?" enquired Huckaback, while his companion was repairing the breach. "Let's look what it all means—here it is." He read it all aloud again—"*greatest possible importance*"—what *can* it mean? Why the deuce couldn't they speak out plainly?"

"What! in a newspaper? Lord, Hucky! how many Titmouses would start up on all sides, if there isn't some already? I wonder what '*greatest possible importance*' can mean, now!"

"Some one's left you an awful lot of money, of course."

"It's too good to be true."

"Or you may have made a *smite*; you a'n't such a bad-looking fellow, when you're dressed as you are now." Mr. Titmouse was quite flustered with the mere supposition, and also looked as sheepish as his features could admit of.

"E-e-e-eh, Hucky! how ve-ry silly you are!" he simpered.

"Or you may be found out heir to some great property, and all that kind of thing. But when do you intend to go to Messrs. What's-their-name? I say, the sooner the better. Come, you've stitched them well enough, now; they'll hold you till you get home; but I'd take off my straps, if I was you. Why shouldn't we go to these gents now? Ah, here they are—Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, solicitors."

"I wonder if they're great ones? Did you ever hear of them before?"

"Haven't I! Their names is always in this same paper; they are continually getting people off out of all kinds of scrapes."

"But, my dear fellow—*Saffron Hill.*—Low that; low, 'pon my soul! Never was near it in my life."

"But they live there to be near the thieves. Lud, the thieves couldn't do without 'em! But what's that to you? You know 'a very dirty ugly toad has often got a jewel in his belly,' so Shakspeare or some one says. Isn't enough for *you*, Tit, if they can make good their advertisement? Let's off, Tit—let's off, I say; for you mayn't be able to get there to-morrow—your employers!——"

"My employers! Do you think, Hucky, I'm going back to business after this?"

"Suppose it all turns out moonshine."

"Lord, but I won't suppose it! It makes me sick to think of nothing coming of it!—Let's go off at once, and see what's to be done!"

So Huckaback put the newspaper in his pocket, blew out the candle, and the two started on their important errand. It was well that their means had been too limited to allow of their indulging to a greater extent than a glass of port wine negus (that was the name under which they drank the "*publican's* port"—*i. e.* a decoction of oak bark, logwood shavings, and a little brandy) between them; otherwise, excited as were the feelings of each of them by the discovery of the evening, they must in all probability have been guilty of some piece of extravagance in the streets. As it was, they talked very loudly as they went along, and in a tone of conversation pitched a little too high for their present circumstances, however in unison it might be with the expected circumstances of *one* of them.

In due time they reached the residence of which they were in search. It was a large house, infinitely superior to all its dingy neighbors; and on a bright brass-plate, a yard long at least, and a foot wide, stood the awe-inspiring words, "QUIRK, GAMMON, & SNAP, SOLICITORS"

"Now, Tit," whispered Huckaback, after they had paused for a second or two—"now for it—pluck up a sperrit—ring!"

"I—I—feel all of a sudden uncommon funky—I think that last cigar of yours wasn't——"

"Stuff, Tit—ring! ring away! Faint heart never wins!"

"Well, it must be done; so—here goes, at any rate!" and with a short nervous jerk he caused a startling clatter within, which was so distinctively audible without, that both of them instinctively *hemmed*, as if to drown the noise which was so much greater than they had expected. In a very few moments they heard some one undoing the fastenings of the door, and the gentlemen looked at one another with an expression of mingled expectation and apprehension. A little old woman at length stood before them with a candle in her hand.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed, crustily.

"Is this Messrs.—what is it, Huck?—Oh! Messrs. Quirk & Co.'s?" enquired Titmouse, tapping the end of his cane against his chin, with a desperate effort to appear at his ease.

"Why, where are your eyes! I should think you might have seen what was wrote on this here plate—it's large enough, one could have thought, to be read by them as *can* read! What's your business?"

"We want—give us the paper, Hucky"—he added, addressing his companion, who produced it in a moment; and Titmouse would have proceeded to possess the woman of all his little heart, when she cut him short, by saying, snappishly—"They aren't none on 'em in: nor never is on Sundays—so you'll just call to-morrow, if you wants 'em. What's your names?"

"Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse," answered that gentleman, with a very particular emphasis on every syllable.

"Mr. *Who?*" exclaimed the old woman, opening her eyes, and raising her hand to the back of her ear. Mr. Titmouse repeated his name more loudly and distinctly.

"Tippetitippety!—what's that?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Titmouse, peevishly; "I said, Mr. Tit-el-bat Titmouse!—Will that suit?"

"Tick-a-tick-a-tick. Well, gracious! if ever I heard such a name. Oh!—I see!—you're making a fool of me! Get off, or I'll call a constable in. Get along with you, you couple of puppies! Is this the way——"

"I tell you," said Mr. Huckaback, "that this gentleman's name *is* Mr. Tittabat Titmouse; and you'd better take care what you're at, old woman, for we've come on business of wital consequence."

"I dare say it'll keep till to-morrow."

The friends consulted for a moment, and then Titmouse asked if he might go in and write a letter to Messrs. Quirk!

"No," said she; "how do I know who you are? There's a public-house close by, where you may write what you like, and bring it here, and they'll get it the first thing in the morning. So that's what you may take away with you!"—with which the complaisant janitrix shut the door in their faces.

"Huck, I'm afraid there's nothing in it," said Titmouse, despondingly, to his friend—both of them remaining rooted to the spot.

"Oudacious old toad!" muttered Huckaback, indignantly.

"If there *was* any thing in it," said Titmouse, with a deep sigh, "they must have made a deal of talk about it in the house; and this old thing *must* have heard my name often enough. It ain't so common a name, is it?"

"I—I own I don't half like the looks of it," replied his friend, putting his newspaper into his pocket again; "but we'll try if we can't write a letter to sound 'em, and so far take the old creature's advice. Here's the public-house she told us of. Come, let's see what's to be done."

Titmouse, greatly depressed, followed his friend; and they soon provided themselves with two glasses of stout, and implements for writing. That they made good use of their time and materials let the following epistle prove. It was their joint composition, and here is an exact copy of it:—

"*To Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap.* "SIR,

"Your Names being put in an Advertisement in this present *Sunday Flash*, Newspaper of to Day's Date, Mr. T. T. begs to inform your respectable House I feel anxious to speak with them on this *truly interesting subject*, seeing it mentions the name of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, which two last Names of that Deceased Person *my own name is*, which I can any Day (as soon as possible) call and *prove* to you, by telling you the Same, *truly*. He being Engaged in Business during the week very close, (for the Present,) I hope that if they Have any thing particular to say to Him, they will write to Me without the least Delay, and please address T. T., at Dowlas and Co's, No. 375, Oxford Street, Post-Paid, which will ensure its being duly Taken In by my Employers, and am, Gents, Yours obediently. TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.

"P.S.—My Friend, that is with me writing This, (Mr. Robert Huckaback,) can prove who I am if Necessitated to do so.

"N.B.—Shall have no objections to do the Liberal Thing if any thing suitable Turns up of it. T. T.

("*Sunday Evening*, 9:7:183–,

"Forget to Say, I am the only Child of my Honoured Parents, who died before I knew them in Lawful Wedloc, and was 27 last Birth Day, Never! having Seen your Advertisement till this Night, wh' if Necessary, can prove.")

This perspicuous and truly elegant performance having been thrice subjected to the critical examination of the friends, was then folded up and directed to "Messrs. Quirk and Co.," a great straggling wet wafer having been first put upon it. It was safely deposited, a few minutes afterwards, with the old woman of the house, and then the two West-End gentlemen hastened away from that truly plebeian part of the town. Under four different gas-lights did they stop, take out the newspaper, and spell over the advertisement; by which ingenious processes they at length succeeded in satisfying themselves that there *was* something in it. They parted, however, with a considerable abatement of the excitement with which they had set out on their voyage of discovery.

Mr. Titmouse did not, on reaching his room, take off and lay aside his precious Sunday apparel with his accustomed care and deliberation. On the contrary, he peeled them off, as it were, and threw himself on the bed as quickly as possible, in order that he might calmly revolve the immense event of the day in his mind, which it had agitated like a stone thrown into a stagnant pool by the road-side. Oh, how restless was he!—not more so could he have been had he lain between horse-hair sheets. He repeatedly got up and walked two or three steps, which were all that his room admitted of, and then sunk into bed again—but not to sleep, till four or five o'clock; having nevertheless to rise at half-past six, to resume his detested duties at Dowlas and Co's., whose shop he assisted in opening at seven o'clock as usual. When he and his shopmates were sitting together at breakfast, he could not help letting out a little, vaguely and mysteriously, about "something that might happen in the course of the day;" and thereby succeeded in satisfying his companions that he expected the visit of a policeman, for some *row* he had been concerned in over night. Well, eight, nine, ten o'clock wore away heavily, and nothing transpired, alas! to vary the monotonous duties in which Mr. Titmouse was engaged, bale after bale, and package after package, he took down and put up again, at the bidding of pretty capricious customers; silk, satin, bombasins, crapes, muslins, ribands, gloves, he assisted in displaying and disposing of as usual; but it is certain that his powerful understanding could no longer settle itself, as before, upon his responsible and arduous duties. Every other minute he cast a feverish, furtive glance towards the door. He almost dropped, at one time, as a postman crossed from the opposite side of the street, as if to enter their shop—then passing on immediately, however, to the next door. Not a person, in short, entered the premises, that he did not scrutinize narrowly and anxiously, but in vain. No—buying and selling was the order of the day, as usual!—eleven o'clock struck, and he sighed. "You don't seem well," said a pretty young woman, to whom, in a somewhat absent manner, he was exhibiting and describing the qualities of some cambric. "Oh—ye—es, uncommon!" he replied; "never better, ma'am, than when so well employed!" accompanying the latter words with what he conceived to be a very arch, but which was in fact a very impudent look at his fair customer. At that moment, a voice called out to him from the further end of the shop, near the door—"Titmouse wanted!"

"Coming!" he shouted, turning as white as the cambric he held in his hands—which became suddenly cold and clammy; while his heart went thump, thump, as he hastily exclaimed to the astonished lady, "Excuse me, ma'am, if you please—Jones," to the shopman next him, "will you attend to this lady!" and he hastened whither he had been called, amidst a prevalent grin and "hem!" from his companions on each side, as he passed along the shop, till he reached a middle-aged gentlemanly-looking person, standing near the door, and bowed to him.

"Mr Titmouse?" enquired the stranger, blandly.

"The same, sir, at your service," replied Titmouse, trembling involuntarily all over. The stranger slightly inclined towards him, and—still more slightly—touched his hat; fixing on him, at the same time, an inquisitive penetrating eye that really abashed him.

"You left—you favored us by leaving a note at our office last night, addressed to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap?" he enquired, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Yes, sir, hoping it was no"——

"Pray, Mr. Titmouse, can we be alone for about five or ten minutes?"

"I—I—don't exactly know, *here*, sir; I'm afraid—against the rules of the house—but—I'll ask. Here *is* Mr. Tag-rag. May I step into the cloak-room with this gentleman for a few minutes, sir?" he continued, addressing his imperious employer, who, with a pen behind the ear, his left hand in his breeches pocket, and his right hand impatiently tweedling about his watch seals, had followed Titmouse, on hearing him enquired for in the manner I have described, and stood at a yard or two's distance, eyeing the two with a fussy dissatisfied look, wondering what on earth any one *could* want with one of his young men.

As Mr. Tag-rag will figure a little on my canvass by-and-by, I may as well here give the reader a slight sketch of that gentleman. He was about fifty-two years old; a great tyrant in his little way; a compound of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit. He knew nothing on earth except the price of his goods, and how to make the most of his business. He was of middle size, with a tendency to corpulence; and almost invariably wore a black coat and waistcoat, a white neck-handkerchief very firmly tied, and grey trowsers. He had a dull, grey eye, with white eyelashes, and no eyebrows; a forehead that seemed ashamed of his face, it retreated so far and so abruptly back from it; his face was pretty deeply pitted with smallpox; his nose—or rather semblance of a nose—consisted of two great nostrils looking at you—as it were, impudently—out of the middle of his face; there was a perfect level space from cheekbone to cheekbone; his whiskers, neatly and closely cut, came in points to each corner of his mouth, which was a very large, shapeless, sensual-looking affair. This may serve, for the present, to give you an idea of the man who had contrived to excite towards himself the hatred and contempt of every body over whom he had any control.

"You know we never allow any thing of the sort," was his short reply, in a very disagreeable tone and manner, to the modest request of Titmouse, as above mentioned.

"May I beg the favor of a few minutes' private conversation with Mr. Titmouse," said the stranger, politely, "on a matter of the last importance to him? My name, sir, is Gammon, and I am a solicitor."

"Why, sir," answered Tag-rag, somewhat cowed by the calm and gentlemanly, but at the same time decisive manner of Mr. Gammon—"it's really very inconvenient, and decidedly against the rules of the house, for any of my young men to be absent on business of their own during *my* business hours; but—I suppose—what must be, must be—I'll give him ten minutes—and he'd better not stay longer," looking significantly at his watch, and then at Titmouse. "It's only for the sake of the other young men, sir. In a large establishment like ours, we're obliged, you know, sir," &c., &c., &c., he added, in a low cringing tone, deprecatory of the contemptuous air with which he *felt* that Mr. Gammon was regarding him. That gentleman, with a slight bow, and a supercilious smile, presently quitted the shop, accompanied by Titmouse.

"How far do you live from this place, Mr. Titmouse?" he enquired as soon they had got into the street.

"Not four minutes' walk, sir; but—hem!"—he was flustered at the idea of showing so eminent a person into his wretched room—"Suppose we were to step into this tavern here, sir—I dare say they've a room at our service——"

"Pray, allow me to ask, Mr. Titmouse—have you any private papers—family writings, or things of that sort, at your rooms?"

Titmouse seemed considering.

"I—I—think I have, sir—one or two—but they're of no consequence."

"Are you a judge, Mr. Titmouse?" enquired Mr. Gammon, with a smile; "pray let us, my dear sir, at once to your rooms—time is very short and valuable. I should vastly like to look at these same insignificant papers of yours!"

In less than two minutes' further time, Mr. Gammon was sitting at Titmouse's little rickety round table, at his lodgings, with a sheet of paper, and his pens and portable inkstand before him, asking him a number of questions concerning his birth and family connexions, and taking down his answers very carefully—perhaps almost word for word. Mr. Titmouse was quite surprised at the knowledge which Mr. Gammon possessed of the family history of the Titmouses. As for papers, &c., Mr. Titmouse succeeded in producing four or five old letters and memoranda from the bottom of his trunk, and the fly-leaf of a bible of his father's, which he did not recollect having opened before for very many years, and of which said entries, till pressed on the subject by Mr. Gammon, he had been hardly even aware of the existence. With these several documents Mr. Gammon was so much struck that he proposed to take them away with him, for better and more leisurely examination, and safer custody, at their office; but Mr. Titmouse significantly hinted at his very recent acquaintance with Mr. Gammon, who, he intimated, was at liberty to come and make exact copies of them whenever he pleased, in his (Mr. Titmouse's) presence.

"Oh, certainly—yes," replied Mr. Gammon, slightly coloring at the distrust implied by this observation; "I applaud your caution, Mr. Titmouse. By all means keep them, and most carefully; because, (I do not say that they *are*,) but it is quite possible, that they may become rather valuable."

"Thank you, sir: and now, hoping you'll excuse the liberty, I should uncommonly like to know what all this means—what is to turn up out of it at all?"

"The law, my dear sir, is proverbially uncertain——"

"Oh, Lord! but the law can give me a *hint*——"

"*The law never hints*," interrupted Mr. Gammon, impressively, with a bland smile.

"Well then, how did you come, sir, to know that there ever was such a person as Mr. Gabriel Titmouse? I suppose he is my great-uncle, and what can come from him if he was only a bit of a shoemaker?"

"Ah, yes—exactly; those are very interesting questions."

"Yes, sir; and them and a great many more I was going to ask long ago, but I saw you were——"

"Sir, I perceive that we have positively been absent from your place of business nearly an hour—your employers will be getting rather impatient."

"Meaning no offence sir—bother *their* impatience; *I'm* impatient, I assure you, to know what all this means. Come, sir, see how openly I have told you every thing."

"Why, certainly, you see, Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon, with an agreeable smile—(it was that smile of his that had been the making of Gammon)—"it is only candid in me to acknowledge that your curiosity is perfectly reasonable; and I see no difficulty in admitting that *I have* had a motive——"

"Yes, sir—and all that—*I* know, sir,"—hastily interrupted Titmouse, but without irritating or disturbing the placid speaker.

"And that we waited with some anxiety for the result of our advertisement."

"Ah, you can't escape from *that*, you know, sir!" interposed Titmouse, with a confident air.

"But it is a maxim with us, my dear sir, never to be premature in any thing, especially when it may be very prejudicial; you've really no idea, my dear Mr. Titmouse, of the world of mischief that is often done by precipitancy in legal matters; and in the present step of the business—the present stage, my dear sir—I really do see it necessary not to—do any thing premature, and without consulting my partners."

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed Titmouse, getting more and more irritated and impatient as he reflected on the length of his absence from Dowlas &Co's.

"I quite feel for your anxiety—so perfectly natural."

"Oh, dear sir! if you'd only tell me the *least bit*——"

"If, my dear sir, I were to disclose just now the exact object we had in writing that advertisement in the papers——"

"How did you come to know of it at all sir? Come, there can't be any harm."

"Not the least, my dear sir. It was in the course of business—in the course of business."

"Is it money that's been left me—or—any thing of that sort?"

"It quite pains me, I assure you, Mr. Titmouse—I think, by the way"—added Gammon suddenly, as something occurred to him of their previous conversation, which he was not sure of—"you told me that that Bible was given you by your father.

"Oh yes, sir! yes—no doubt of it; surely *that* can't signify, seeing he's dead, and I'm his only son?" asked Titmouse, quickly and eagerly.

"Oh, 'tis only a circumstance—a mere circumstance; but in business, you know, Mr. Titmouse, every little helps."

"Why, meaning no offence, sir, I can't abide being put off in this kind of way. See what I've told you—you've haven't told *me* nothing at all. I hope you haven't been only making me a cat's-paw of? I hate being made a cat's paw of, sir!"

"Gracious, Mr. Titmouse! how can you imagine it? You are at this moment the object of a considerable share of our anxiety——"

"Not meaning it rudely, sir—please to tell me at once, plainly, am I to be the better for any thing you're now about!"

"That may or may not be, sir," answered Gammon, in the same imperturbable manner, drawing on his gloves, and rising from his chair. "In justice to yourself, and other parties concerned——"

"Oh! is any body to *share* in it?" exclaimed Titmouse, alarmedly.

"I am sure," said Gammon, smiling, "that you will give us credit for consulting your best interests. We sincerely desire to advance them; and this matter occupies a good deal of our time and anxiety. It—it is *really*," looking at his watch, "an hour since we quitted your place of business—I fear I shall get into disgrace with your employers. Will you favour us with a call at our office to-morrow night, when the business of the day is over? When do you quit at night?"

"About a quarter before ten, sir; but, really—to-morrow night! Couldn't I come to-night, sir?"

"Not to-night, I fear, my dear sir. We have a very important engagement. Let us say to-morrow night, at a quarter past ten—shall we say that hour?"

"Well, sir, if not before—yes—I'll be with you. But I *must* say——"

"Good day, Mr. Titmouse." They were by this time in Oxford-street again. "Good day, my dear sir, good day; to-morrow night, as soon after ten as possible—eh? Good by."

This was all that Mr. Titmouse could get out of Mr. Gammon, who, hailing a coach off the stand beside them, popped into it, and it was soon making its way eastward. What a miserable mixture of doubts, hopes, and fears, had Mr. Gammon left Titmouse! He felt as if he were like a squeezed orange; he had told everything he knew about himself, and got nothing in return out of the smooth, imperturbable, impenetrable Mr. Gammon, but empty civilities. "Lord, Lord!" thought Titmouse, as Mr. Gammon's coach turned the corner; "what would I give to know half about it that that man knows! But, Mr. Tag-rag! good gracious! what *will* he say? It's struck twelve. I've been an hour away—and he gave me ten minutes! Shan't I catch it?"

And he did. Almost the very first person he met on entering the shop was his respected employer, Mr. Tag-rag, who, plucking his watch out of his fob, and, looking furiously at it, motioned the trembling Titmouse to follow him to the further end of the long shop, where there happened to be then no customers.

"Is this your ten minutes, sir, eh?"

"I am sorry——"

"Where the devil have you been, sir?"

"With that gentleman, sir, and I really did not know——"

"You didn't know, sir! Who cares what you know, or don't know? You know you ought to have been back fifty-five minutes ago, sir. You do, sir! Isn't your time my property, sir? Don't I pay for it, sir? An hour!—in the middle of the day! My God! I've not had such a thing happen this five years! I'll stop it out of your salary, sir."

Titmouse did not attempt to interrupt him.

"What have you been gossiping about, sir?"

"Something that he wanted to say to me, sir."

"Impudence!—do you suppose I don't see your impertinence? I *insist*, sir, in knowing what all this gossiping with that fellow has been about?"

"Then you *won't* know, sir," replied Titmouse, doggedly; returning to his usual station behind the counter.

"You won't!!"

"No, sir, you shan't know a single word about it."

"Shan't know a single word about it! My God! Do you know whom you're talking to, sir? Do you really know who I am, sir?—whom you are speaking to, sir?"

"Mr. Tag-rag, I presume, of the firm of Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co." One or two of his companions near him almost turned pale at the audacity he was displaying.

"And who are *you*, sir, that dare to presume to bandy words with ME, sir?" enquired Tag-rag, quivering with rage.

"Tittlebat Titmouse, at your service," was the answer, in a glib tone, and with a sufficiently saucy air.

"You heard that, I hope?" enquired Tag-rag, with forced calmness, of a pale faced young man, the nearest to him.

"Ye—es," was the meekly reluctant answer.

"This day month you leave, sir!" said Mr. Tag-rag, solemnly, as if conscious he was passing a sort of sentence of death upon the presumptuous delinquent.

"Very well, Mr. Tag-rag—anything that pleases you pleases your humble servant. I *will* go this day month, and welcome—I've long wished——"

"Then you *shan't* leave, sir," said Tag-rag, furiously.

"But I will, sir. You have given me warning; and, if you haven't, now I give *you* warning," replied Titmouse; turning, however, very pale, and experiencing a certain sudden sinking of the heart, for this was a serious and most unlooked-for event, and for a while put out of his head all the agitating thoughts of the last few hours. Poor Titmouse had enough to bear; what with the delicate raillery and banter of his accomplished companions for the rest of the day, and the galling tyranny of Mr. Tag-rag, who dogged him about all day, setting him about the most menial and troublesome offices he could, and constantly saying mortifying things to him before customers, and the state of miserable suspense in which Mr. Gammon had thought fit to leave him; I say that surely all this was enough for him to bear without having to encounter at night, as he did, on his return to his lodgings, his blustering landlady, who vowed that if she sold him out and out she'd be put off no longer—and his pertinacious and melancholy tailor, who, with sallow unshaven face, told him of five children at home, all ill of the smallpox, and his wife in an hospital—and he *implored* a payment on account. The sufferer succeeded in squeezing out of Titmouse seven shillings on account, and his landlady extorted ten; which staved off a distress—direful word—for some week or two longer; and so they left him in the possession of eight shillings, or so, to last till next quarter-day. He sighed heavily, barred his door, and sat down opposite his little table, on which there was nothing but a solitary thin candle, and on which his eyes rested unconsciously, till the stench of it, burning right down in the socket, roused him from his wretched reverie. He then hastily threw off his clothes, and flung himself on his bed, to pass a far more dismal night than he had known for years.

He ran the gauntlet at Messrs. Dowlas, Tag-rag, and Co.'s all Tuesday, as he had done on the day preceding. One should have supposed that when his companions beheld him persecuted by their common employer and master, whom they all equally hated, they would have made common cause with their suffering companion, or at all events given no countenance to his persecution; yet it was far otherwise. Without stopping to analyze the feeling which produced it, (and which the moderately reflective reader may easily analyze for himself if so disposed,) I am grieved to have to say, that when all the young men saw that Tag-rag would be gratified by their *cutting* poor Titmouse, who, with all his little vanities and emptiness, had never offended or injured any of them—they did so; and when Tag-rag observed it, his miserable mind was more gratified with them by far than it had ever been before. He spoke to all of them with unusual blandness; to the sinner, Titmouse, with augmented bitterness.

A few minutes after ten o'clock that night, a gentle ringing at the bell of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's office, announced the arrival of poor Titmouse. The door was quickly opened by a clerk, who seemed in the act of quitting for the night.

"Ah—Mr. Titmouse, I presume?" he enquired with a kind of deference in his manner that Titmouse had never been accustomed to.

"The same, sir—Tittlebat Titmouse."

Oh! allow me, sir, to conduct you in to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, who are, I know, in expectation of seeing you. It is very rarely that they are here at so late an hour." With this he led the way to an inner room, and opening a green-baize door in the further side of it, announced Mr. Titmouse, and left him—sufficiently flustered. Three gentlemen were sitting at a large table, on which he saw, by the strong, but circumscribed light of two large shaded candlesticks, were lying a great number of papers and parchments. The three gentlemen rose when he entered, and Mr. Gammon came and shook hands with him.

"Mr. Titmouse, let me introduce you to Mr. Quirk—(this was the senior partner, a short, stout, elderly gentleman, with a shining bald head and white hair, and sharp black eyes, and who looked very earnestly at him)—and Mr Snap—(this was the junior partner, having recently been promoted to be such after ten years' service in the office of managing clerk; he was about thirty, particularly well-dressed, slight, active, and with a face like a terrier—*so* hard, sharp, and wiry! Mr. Gammon himself was about forty, very genteel, with a ready bow, insinuating smile, and low tone of voice; his look, withal, acute and cautious.)

"A seat, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, placing a chair for him, on which he sat down, they resuming theirs.

"Punctual, Mr. Titmouse!" exclaimed Mr. Gammon with a smile; "more so than, I fear, you were yesterday, after our long interview, eh? Pray what did that worthy person, Mr. Rag-bag, say on your return?"

"Say, gents?"—(he tried to clear his throat, for he spoke somewhat more thickly, and his heart beat more perceptibly than usual,)—"I'm ruined by it, and no mistake."

"Ruined! I'm sorry to hear it," interposed Mr. Gammon, with a concerned air.

"I am, indeed, sir. Such a towering rage as he has been in ever since; and he's given me warning to go on the 10th of next month." He thought he observed a faint smile flit over the faces of all three. "He has, indeed!"

"Dear me, Mr. Titmouse—what cause did he allege for dismissing you?" keenly enquired Mr. Quirk.

"Yes—"

"What?"

"Stopping out longer than I was allowed, and refusing to tell him what this gentleman and I had been talking about."

"Don't think that'll do; sure it wont!" briskly exclaimed Mr. Snap; "no just cause, that," and he jumped up, whisked down a book from the shelves behind him, and eagerly turned over the leaves.

"Never mind that now, Mr. Snap," said Mr. Quirk, rather petulently; "surely we have other matters to talk about to-night."

"Asking pardon, sir, but I think it *does* matter to me, sir," interposed Titmouse; "for on the 10th of next month I am a beggar—being next door to it *now*."

"Not quite, we trust," said Mr. Gammon.

"But Mr. Tag-rag said he'd make me as good as one."

"That's evidence to show malice,' again eagerly interjected Mr. Snap, who was again tartly rebuffed by Mr. Quirk; even Mr. Gammon turning towards him with a surprised—"Really, Mr. Snap!"

"So Mr. Tag-rag said he would make you a beggar?" enquired Mr. Quirk.

"He vowed he would, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Quirk and Mr. Gammon—yet such a laugh!—not careless, or hearty, but subdued, and with a dash of deference in it.

"Well—it perhaps may not signify much, by that time;" and he laughed again, followed by the soft laugh of Mr. Gammon, and a kind of sharp quick sound, like a bark, from Mr. Snap.

"But, gents, you'll excuse me if I say I think it *does* signify to *me*, and an't any laughing matter! Without being rude, I'd rather come to business, if there's any thing to be done, without this laughing at me."

"Laughing at you! my dear sir,—no, no!" exclaimed all three in a breath —"laughing *with* you" said Mr. Quirk!—By the time you mention, you may perhaps be able to laugh at Mr. Rag-bag, and every body else, for——"

[—"Why should we mince the matter?" he whispered, in a low tone, to Mr. Gammon, who nodded acquiescence, and fixed his eyes earnestly on Titmouse.]

"I really think we are warranted in preparing to expect by that time an extraordinary change in your circumstances." Titmouse began to tremble violently, and his hands were bedewed with a cold moisture.

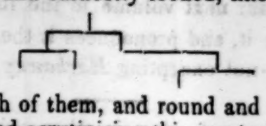
"I hear, sir," he murmured; and he also heard a faint ringing in his ears.

"In all human probability, Mr. Titmouse," continued Mr. Quirk, himself a little excited with the important communication that trembled on the tip of his tongue, "you will ere long be put into possession of somewhere about Ten Thousand a-year."

The words seemed to have struck Titmouse blind—as he saw nothing for some moments; then every thing seemed swimming around him, and he felt a sort of faintness or sickness stealing over him. They had hardly been prepared for their communication's affecting their visitor so powerfully. Mr. Snap hastened out and in with a glass of water; and the earnest attentions of the three soon restored Mr. Titmouse to his senses. It was a good while, however, before he could appreciate the little conversation which they now and then addressed to him, or estimate the full importance of the astounding event Mr. Quirk had just communicated.

"May I make free to ask for a little brandy and water, gents? I feel all over in a kind of tremble," said he, some half an hour afterwards.

"Yes—by all means, Mr. Titmouse. Mr. Snap, will you be kind enough to order Betty to bring in a glass of brandy and water from the Jolly Thieves, next door!"—Snap shot out, gave the order, and returned in a trice. The old woman, in a few minutes' time, followed with a large tumbler of dark brandy and water, quite hot, for which Mr. Gammon apologised, but Mr. Titmouse said he preferred it so—and soon addressed himself to the inspiriting mixture. It quickly manifested its influence, reassuring him wonderfully. As he sat sipping it, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap being engaged in an earnest conversation, of which he could understand little or nothing, he had leisure to look about him, and observed that there was lying before them a large sheet of paper, at which they all of them often and earnestly looked, filled with lines, so—



with writing at the ends of each of them, and round and square figures. When he saw them all bending over and scrutinising this mysterious object, it puzzled him (and many a better head than his has a pedigree puzzled before) sorely, and he began to suspect it was a sort of conjuring paper.

"I hope, gents, that paper's all right, eh!" said he, supported by the brandy, which he had nearly finished. They turned towards him with a smile of momentary surprise, and then—

"We hope so—a vast deal depends on it," said Mr. Quirk, looking over his glasses at Titmouse. Now what *he* had hinted at, as far as he could venture to do so, was a thought that glanced across his as yet unsettled brain, that there might have been invoked more than *mere earthly assistance*; but he prudently pressed the matter no farther—that was all Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap's look out; *he* had been no party to anything of the sort, nor would he, knowingly. He also observed the same sheets of paper written all over, which Mr. Gammon had filled at his (Titmouse's) room the night before; and many new and more old looking papers and parchments Sometimes they addressed questions to him, but found it difficult to keep his attention up to anything that was said to him for the wild visions that were chasing one another through his heated brain; the passage of which said visions was not a little accelerated by the large tumbler of brandy and water which he had just taken.

"Then, in fact," said Mr. Gammon, as the three simultaneously sat down, after having been for some time standing poring over the papers before Mr. Quirk. "Tittlebat's title accrued in 1818!"

"Precisely so," said Mr. Quirk, emphatically.

"To be sure," confidently added Snap; who having devoted himself exclusively all his life to the sharpest practice of the common law as it is called, knew about as much of real property law as a snipe; but it would not do to appear ignorant, or taking no part in the matter, in the presence of the heir-at-law, and the future great client of the House.

"Well, Mr. Titmouse," at length said Mr. Quirk, laying aside his glasses—"you are likely to be one of the luckiest men of your day! We may be mistaken, but it appears to me that your right is clear, and has been clear these ten or twelve years, to the immediate enjoyment of a very fine estate in the north of England, worth £9000 or £10,000 a year, at the least!"

"You don't say so!"

"We do indeed; and are very proud and happy indeed to be the honored instruments of establishing your rights, my dear sir," said Mr. Gammon.

"Then all the money that's been spent this ten or twelve years is my money, is it?"

"If we are right, it is undoubtedly as you say," answered Mr. Quirk.

"There'll be a jolly reckoning for some one, then, shortly—eh? My eyes!"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Titmouse," cried Mr. Gammon, with subdued ecstacy, as before his mind's eye rose visions of interminable proceedings at law and in equity—hundreds upon hundreds of portly, red tape-tied "cases," "briefs," and "motion-papers," with *Quirk, Gammon, and Snap*, at the bottom of each of them, and constantly under the eye of the court and the bar, and before the public, (the same kind of thoughts must have passed through Snap's mind, for he rubbed his hands in silence with an excited air.)

"My dear Mr. Titmouse, you have a most just regard for your own interests; there *will* be a reckoning, and a very terrible one, erelong, for somebody —but we've time enough for all that? Only let us have the unspeakable happiness of seeing you once fairly in possession of your estates, and our office shall know no rest till you have got all you are entitled to—every farthing even!"

"Oh, never fear our letting them rest!" said Mr. Quirk, judiciously accommodating himself to the taste and apprehension of his excited auditor—"Those that must give up the goose, must give up the giblets also—ha, ha, ha!" Messrs. Gammon and Snap echoed the laugh, and enjoyed the joke of the head of the firm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Titmouse, immensely excited by the conjoint influence of the brandy and the news of the night; "capital! capital! hurrah! Such goings on there will be! You're all of the right sort, I see! Law for ever! Let me shake hands with you all, gents! Come, if you please, all together! all friends to-night!" And he grasped each of the three readily-proffered right hands of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, with an energy that was likely to make all the high contracting parties to that quadruple alliance remember its ratification!

"And is it all a ready-money affair, gents—or rent, and all *that* kind of thing?"

"Why, almost entirely the latter," answered Quirk, "except the accumulations."

"Then I'm a great landlord, am I?"

"Indeed, my dear Mr. Titmouse, you are—(that is, unless we have made a blunder such as our house is not often in the habit of making)—and have two very fine houses in different parts of the country."

"Capital! delightful! I'll live in both of them—such goings on! And is it *quite* up to the mark of £10,000 a-year!"

"We really entertain no doubt."

"And such as I can spend all of it, every year?"

"Certainly—no doubt of it—not the least. The rents are paid with most exemplary—at least," added Mr. Gammon, with a capitivating, an irresistible smile, and taking him affectionately by the hand—"at least they *will* be, as soon as we have them fairly in our management."

"Oh, *you're* to get it all in for me, are you?" he enquired briskly. The three partners bowed, with the most deprecatingly disinterested air in the world, intimating that, for *his* sake, they were ready to take upon themselves even that troublesome responsibility!

"Capital! couldn't be better! couldn't be better! Ah, ha, ha—you've catched the goose, and must bring me its eggs. Ah, ha, ha! a touch in *your* line, old gents!"

"Ha, ha, ha! excellent! ah, ha, ha!" laughed the three partners at the wit of their new client. Mr. Titmouse joined them, and snapped his fingers in the air.

"Lord—I've just thought of Dowlas, Tag-rag and Company's—I seem as if I hadn't seen or heard of them for Lord knows how long!—but there they are!—fancy old Tag-rag making me a beggar on the 10th of next month—ha, ha, ha!—shan't see that d——d hob any more."

"There!" whispered Mr. Gammon, apprehensively, in the ear of Mr. Quirk; "didn't I tell you that that would be it? We've been monstrously foolish and premature."

"It won't do to go back to that—eugh!—eh? will it?—you know what I mean! Fancy Tittlebat Titmouse standing behind——"

The partners looked rather blank.

"We could venture to suggest, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Gammon, seriously, "the *absolute necessity* there is for every thing on your part and our parts to go on as quietly as before, for a little time to come; to be sure and safe, my dear sir, we must be *secret*."

"Oh, I see gents! I see; mum—mum's the word, for the present! But, I *must* say, if there is any one whom I want to hear of it, sooner than another, its"——

"Dowdy, Rag-bag and Co., I suppose! ha, ha, ha!" interrupted Mr. Gammon, his partners echoing his laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Cuss the cats—that's it—ha, ha, ha!" echoed Mr. Titmouse; who, getting up out of his chair, could not resist capering to and fro in some thing of the attitude of a stage-dancer, whistling and humming by turns, and indulging in various other wild antics.

"And now, gents, to do a bit of business—when am I to *begin* scattering the shiners, eh?" he enquired, interrupting an earnest low-toned conversation between the partners.

"Oh, of course, some delay is unavoidable. All we have done, as yet, is to discover that, as far as we are advised, and can judge, you are the right owner; but very extensive operations must be immediately commenced, before you can be put in possession. There are some who won't be persuaded to drop £10,000 a-year out of their hands for the mere asking"

"The devil there are! *Who* are they that want to keep me any longer out of what's my own?—what's justly mine? Eh? I want to know! Haven't they kept me out long enough? d—n them! Put 'em in prison directly—don't spare 'em—rascals!"

"They'll probably, ere long, find their way in that direction—for, however, he's to make up, poor devil, the mesne profits"——

"Mean profits?—is that all you call them, gents? It's rogue's money—villain's profits! So don't spare 'em—he's robbed the fatherless, which I am, and an orphan! Keep me out of what's mine, indeed! D—d if he shall, though!"

"My dear Mr. Titmouse," said Gammon gravely, "we are getting on too fast—dreadfully too fast. It will never do: matters of such immense importance as these cannot be hurried on, or talked of, in this way."——

"I like that, sir!—I do, d——e!"

"You will really, if you go on in this wild way, Mr. Titmouse, make us regret the trouble we have taken in the affair, and especially the promptness with which we have communicated to you the extent of your good fortune."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure, gents, but mean no offence; am monstrous obliged to you for what you've done for me—but, by Jove, it's taken me rather a-back, I own, to hear that I'm to be kept so long out of it all. Why can't you offer him, whoever he is that has my property, a handsome sum to go out at once? Gents, I'll own to you I'm most uncommon low—never so low in my life—d—d low! Done up, and can't get what's justly mine! What am I to do in the mean while? Consider that, gents."

"You are rather excited just now, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, seriously; "suppose we now break up, and resume our conversation to-morrow, when we are all in better and calmer trim?"

"No, sir, thanking you all the same; but I think we'd better go on with it now," replied Titmouse, impetuously. "Do you think I can stoop to go back to that nasty, beastly shop, and stand behind the counter?"

"Our *decided* opinion, Mr. Titmouse," said Mr. Quirk, emphatically—his other partners getting very grave in their looks—"that is, if our opinion is worth offering"——

"That remains to be seen," said Titmouse, with a pettish shake of the head.

"Well, such as it is, we offer it you; and it is, that for many reasons you continue, for a little while longer, in your present situation."

"What! own Tag-rag for my master—and I worth £10,000 a-year?"

"My dear sir, you've not got it yet."

"Do you think you'd have told me what you have, if you weren't sure? No, no! you've gone too far! I shall burst, I shall! Me to go on as before!—they use me worse and worse every day. Gents, you'll excuse me—I hope you will; but business is business, gents—it is; and if you won't do mine, I must look out for them that will—'pon my soul, I must, and"—If Mr. Titmouse could have seen, or, having seen, appreciated, the looks which the three partners interchanged, on hearing this absurd, ungrateful, and insolent speech of his—the expression that flitted across their shrewd faces; that was, intense contempt for him, hardly overmastered and concealed by a vivid perception of their own interest, which was, of course, to *manage*, to sooth, to conciliate him!

How the reptile propensities of his mean nature had thriven beneath the sudden sunshine of unexpected prosperity!—See already his selfishness, truculence, rapacity, in full play!

"So, gents," said he, after a long and keen expostulation with them on the same subject, "I'm to go to-morrow morning to Dowlas & Co's., and go on with the cursed life I led there to-day, as if nothing had happened!"

"In your present humour, Mr. Titmouse, it would be in vain to discuss the matter," said Mr. Quirk. "Again I tell you that the course we have recommended is, in our opinion, the proper one; excuse me if I add, what *can* you do but adopt our advice?"

"Why, hang me, if I won't employ somebody else—that's flat! So, good-night, gents; you'll find that Tittlebat Titmouse isn't to be trifled with!" So saying, Mr. Titmouse clapped his hat on his head, bounced out of the room, and, no attempt being made to stop him, he was in the street in a twinkling.

"Did you ever see such a little beast!" exclaimed Mr. Gammon with an air of disgust.

"Beggar on horseback!" exclaimed Snap.

"It won't do, however," said Mr. Quirk, with as chagrined an air as his partners, "for him to go at large in his present frame of mind—he may ruin the thing altogether."

"As good as £500 a-year out of the way of the office," said Snap.

"Egad, that at least," said Mr. Gammon, seizing his hat, "I'll after him, and bring him back at all hazards; and we must really try and do something for him in the meanwhile, to keep him quiet till the thing's brought a little into train." So out went after Titmouse, Mr. Gammon, from whose lips dropped persuasion sweeter than honey; and I should not be surprised if he were to be able to bring back that stubborn piece of conceited stupidity.

As soon as Mr. Titmouse heard the street door shut after him with a kind of bang, he snapped his fingers once or twice, by way of letting off a little of the inflammable air that was in him, and muttered, "Pretty chaps those, upon my word! I'll expose them all! I'll apply to the Lord Mayor—they're a pack of swindlers, they are! This is the way they treat *me*, who've got a title to £10,000 a-year! To be sure,"—He stood still for a moment, and another moment, and dismay came quickly over him; for it suddenly occurred to him what hold had he got on Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap?—what could he do?—what HAD he done?

Ah—the golden vision of the last few hours was fading away momentarily, like a dream! Each second of his deep and rapid reflection, rendered more impetuous his desire and determination to return and make his peace with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. By submission for the present, he could get the whip-hand of them hereafter! He was in the act of turning round towards the office, when Mr. Gammon softly laid his hand upon the shoulder of his repentant client.

"Mr. Titmouse; my dear sir, what is the matter with you? How could we so misunderstand each other?"

Titmouse's small cunning was on the *qui vive*, and he saw and followed up his advantage. "I am going," said he in a resolute tone, "to speak to some one else, in the morning."

"That, of course, signifies nothing to any one but yourself. You will take any steps, my dear sir, that occur to you, and act as you may be advised."

"Monstrous kind of you to come and give me such good advice!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Gammon, coolly; "I came out of pure good nature, to assure you that our office, notwithstanding what has passed, entertains not the slightest personal ill feeling towards you, in thus throwing off their hands a very long, and dreadfully harassing affair."

"Hem!" exclaimed Titmouse, once or twice.

"So good-night, Mr. Titmouse—good-night! God bless you!" Mr. Gammon, in the act of returning to his door, extended his hand to Mr. Tittlebat, who he instantly perceived was melting rapidly.

"Why, sir—if I thought you all meant the correct thing—hem! I say, the correct thing by me—I shouldn't so much mind a little disappointment for the time; but you must own, Mr. Gammon, it is very hard being kept out of one's own so long."

"True, very true, Mr. Titmouse. Very hard it is, indeed, to bear, and we all felt very deeply for you, and would have set every thing in train——"

"*Would have*——"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Titmouse, we *would* have done it, and brought you through every difficulty—over every obstacle."

"Why—you don't—hardly—quite—mean to say you've given it all up?—What, already!" exclaimed Titmouse, in evident alarm.

Gammon had triumphed over Titmouse! whom, nothing loth, he brought back, in two minutes' time, into the room which Titmouse had just before so rudely quitted. Mr. Quirk and Mr. Snap had their parts yet to perform. They were in the act of locking up desks and drawers, evidently on the move; and received Mr. Titmouse with an air of cold surprise.

"Mr. Titmouse again!" exclaimed Mr. Quirk, taking his gloves out of his hat. "Back again!—an unexpected honour." "Leave any thing behind?" enquired Mr. Snap,—"don't see any thing."

"Oh no, sir! No, sir! This gentleman, Mr. Gammon, and I, have made it all up, gents! I'm not vexed any more—not the least."

"*Vexed*, Mr. Titmouse!" echoed Mr. Quirk, with an air sternly ironical. "We are under great obligations to you for your forbearance!"

"Oh, come, gents!" said Titmouse, more and more disturbed, "I *was* too warm, I dare say, and—and—I ask your pardon, all of you, gents! I won't say another word, if you'll but buckle to business again—quite exactly in your own way—because you see——"

"It's growing *very* late," said Mr. Quirk, coldly, and looking at his watch; "however, after what you have said, probably at some future time, when we've leisure to look into the thing——"

Poor Titmouse was ready to drop on his knees, in mingled agony and fright

"May I be allowed to say," interposed the bland voice of Mr. Gammon, addressing himself to Mr. Quirk, "that Mr. Titmouse a few minutes ago assured me, outside there, that if you could only be persuaded to let our house take up his case again——"

"I did—I did indeed, gents! so help me ——!" interrupted Mr. Titmouse, eagerly backing with an oath the ready lie of Mr. Gammon.

Mr. Quirk drew his hand across his chin, musingly, and stood silently for a few moments, evidently irresolute.

"Well," said he at length, but in a very cool way, "since that is so, probably we may be induced to resume our heavy labours in your behalf; and if you will favour us with a call to-morrow night, at the same hour, we may have, by that time, made up our minds as to the course we shall think fit to adopt."

"Lord, sir, I'll be here as the clock strikes, and as meek as a mouse; and pray, have it all your own way for the future, gents—do!"

"Good-night, sir—good-night!" exclaimed the partners, motioning towards the door.

"Good-night, gents!" said Titmouse, bowing very low, and feeling himself at the same time being bowed *out!* As he passed out of the room, he cast a lingering look in their three frigid faces, as if they were angels sternly shutting him out from Paradise. What misery was his, as he walked slowly homeward, with much the same feelings (now that the fumes of the brandy had evaporated, and the reaction of excitement was coming on, aggravated by a recollection of the desperate check he had received) as a sick and troubled man, who, suddenly roused out of a delicious dream, drops into wretched reality, as it were out of a fairy-land, which with all its dear innumerable delights is melting overhead into thin air—disappearing *for ever*.

Blackwood's Magazine.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

DEATH OF MINGO.

We little thought when last week we wrote of Mingo and his get, that it would be our sad duty to record his death in the next number of our paper. He died on Friday, the 8th inst. The accident which caused his death was extremely painful in all its circumstances; the following account of it is gathered from several letters now before us.

The horse was turned out in a lot, and up to the 5th inst. was in perfect health. On that day a violent storm came on, in which a tree in an adjoining pasture was blown down, and falling into Mingo's lot, struck him obliquely, and upon examination after his death, eight or nine of his ribs were found to be broken, and there was an extensive compound fracture of his right thigh bone, and a very extensive and severe contusion of the right side of his body. Mortification ensued, and he died upon the third day following the accident.

There is some difference of opinion as to the precise manner of the accident. The best opinion would seem to be that the tree struck him obliquely, as he was springing from the fall, and that in his efforts to disengage himself, his thigh was broken. This bone was broken into splinters for six or eight inches from the hock upwards, and two of his ribs were broken in two places. The horse did disengage himself, and was found at a short distance from the tree. The fall of the tree was heard, and the horse received immediate attention from the gentlemen under whose care he had made his season, and from physicians from Lexington, who were at once called in.

This is beyond measure the severest turf calamity which we have been called upon to record. The value of the horse, estimated from the offers that had been repeatedly made for him, was little less than $20,000. But the pecuniary loss is by far less painful to his generous owner than the cruel manner of the death of his favorite horse—bred by him, and run by him, a victor in so many hard-fought fields. He stood higher than any untried stallion in America, possessed the most vigorous constitution, and promised to be as distinguished in the stud as upon the course.

He has left a valuable property behind him; a notice of his get, the property of Gen. Emory, appeared last week in this paper. Mingo's owner has likewise several from mares of the best blood, and the season which the horse made in Kentucky, was understood to be favorable. There is every reason to hope therefore, that his own great renown may be perpetuated in the performances of his descendants.

We add with regret that the picture of Mingo, recently painted by Troye, and to which allusion was made last week, is not thought by the owner or his friends to do justice to the noble animal. Unless it should be in our power to obtain a more faithful likeness, no engraving will be made of him for our paper; but our readers must fully appreciate the motives of our determination, when we inform them that before the issue of the accident was known, an order had been sent to Kentucky for Troye to make another painting of him, for the express purpose of having it engraved for these pages.

Medoc's Accident.—As a fitting appendage to the above sad calamity to *Mingo*, we have to announce that recent letters received, give us no hope that *Medoc* will survive his accident. The swelling from his fractured limb had extended to his chest and neck, and by our last advices, Col. Buford had no hopes of his recovery.

We have just learned that *Busiris* (by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp. Gracchus), will be sent to Kentucky, to occupy Mingo's stand in the coming season.

The Great Match.—The latest news we have from Maryland is favorable to the prospect of making the match betweeu *Boston* and *Wagner*. The diculffity apparently in the way is whether a certain trainer can be procured for one horse. From all we can hear, the chance is that he may be obtained, and that the match will be made. There is a minor point of difference, but that, we learn, is likely to be overcome without trouble—the choice of a course. The most liberal offers are made by the proprietors of courses, to induce the parties interested to name *their* course for the match; but this, we are persuaded, will not work a failure of the match. "To it, boys," say we, and run over some quick course, where the beaten horse may lose the least by the result of the struggle; and wind and weather permitting, we predict the fastest thing that has come off since the immortal 7:37—7:49 of Eclipse and Henry.

Camden Course.—It has transpired the past week that this course has passed into the hands of Mr. Hellings, of New Jersey, and Mr. Allen, of the "Marshall House," Philadelphia. Of any further changes connected therewith we have not heard.

Since our last the official returns of the Raleigh races have been received, from which we have extracted the last two days' running for our paper to-day. The time made by *Andrewetta* (7:46) was, it appears from this report, accurately stated. This makes the ninth race won by this fine filly during the campaign, in which she has not lost a single heat. A letter from the senior editor is before us, in which he names a visit to Andrew, and speaks of his form and appearance. Immediately after the Columbia races next week he will resume his chair editorial (now, alas, too long left vacant), and give some particulars of his tour at the West and South. Every letter from him is full of expressions of delight at the hospitality which has everywhere welcomed him, and indicates themes for many a future article. The hurry and bustle of travelling have prevented any immediate notice of the interesting objects upon his ronte.

Col Oliver, the Proprietor of the New Orleans "Eclipse" Course, and of the "Oakland," has been at St. Louis, where it is hoped that he has established racing on a permanent footing. At the latest dates he was on his wsy to New Orleans.

Argyle will make his next season at one of Col. Hampton's seats, in South Carolina. From the unusual success of his first colts, he will command the choice of the Carolina mares.

The Queen is turned out until the next Autumn. The rumour that she had broken down, was, happily, premature.

Master Henry, who won the race over the Kendall Course, last Spring, so unexampled for the time made, having been seized at the Virginia Springs last summer, with an incurable disease, has been destroyed. In the race to which we allude, *Wonder* won the first heat in 5:47½, and *Argyle* the second in 5:49, when Master Henry took the two succeeding heats. For his owner's sake, we *seriously* regret this loss.

Picture of Shark.—Our readers may reasonably begin to inquire when we purpose to indulge them with another engraving. In reply to such anticipated queries we beg to state, that that of Shark is now nearly completed, though the artist is nearly two months behind his time. In all probability, (we should say *certainly* if talking of any one but an artist) we shall get a finished proof in the course of next week. It will then require a month to work off the requisite number of impressions. A picture of *Monarch* will follow as soon upon it, as the artist's other engagements will allow—the picture was due the 15th of Oct. last—quite a moderate delay, considering the *habitual* promptitude of these gentlemen.

The reader will be happy to hear that a picture of *Boston* is on the way for us, which will grace our next volume in the form of a rich engraving. The Senior editor has seen it, and pronounces it the most life-like and finished portrait he has ever seen—not excepting *Harkaway* and *Janette*, till now considered *chef d'œuvres*.

By reference to reports of races in other columns, it will be seen that several of Mr. Stevens's horses have been figuring in the hands of their new owners. The "white legged filly," or to call her by her true name—*Zela*, has won a four mile race in Alabama, while *Dosoris* was beaten at the same meeting. *Bonny Black* has won another four mile race at St. Louis, where, likewise, she was beaten at two mile heats. Upon the whole, the success of this lot of horses has been signal since they left New York.

Troye, the Artist.—It is understood that this distinguished animal painter can be induced to visit the Atlantic States, if fifteen pictures be secured to him. He has a rival in Maryland and Virginia, at present, in Mr. De Lattre, but many of his old admirers, prejudging De Lattre, from his unfortunate picture of *Wagner*, still prefer Troye. If those gentlemen who would secure the services of Troye, will apprise us, an immediate communication shall be made to him on the subject. He is very successful in his cattle pieces; we have now in our office one very beautiful picture of Kentucky stock, sent home by the Editor to be engraved for the Turf Register.

On our first page appears a sporting letter from Washington, to which we give insertion, as the writer of it is a kind and favorite correspondent. We deem his opinions somewhat extravagant, where he asserts the transcendent might of Col. Johnson's influence in determining races. He can have no firmer faith than we in the coolness and sagacity of "the Napoleon" of our turf; but no skill nor experience can equalize horses so far inferior as those named by him. No one will smile so readily as Col. J. at this portion of his letter.

Of the Washington difficulties we had previously heard, and with profound regret. The version of our correspondent agrees, in all important features, with what we had previously heard on the same theme.

As to the report of the races, we beg to say we have relented, and that a request has been made in the right quarter for a proper report.

We understand that "Major Boots" is about "bunching up" his "string" for the Charleston races. *Passenger*, *Bandit*, and a *Jersey critter*, of some note, comprise the "tassel-eend" of "the twine." "Go it Boots," and damn the cost, making money's nothin', "holdin' on to it's all," as the boy said when he cotch'd the "lather'd pig" by the tail. Passenger is a bad animil to wake up at the "last turn" of a three mile heat: and with *three year old* weights on his strong loin in February, he'll "cut out more work" than can be finished by most of the tackies behind him. We don't mean to flatter or exaggerate, but if he isn't "one of 'em," you may take "our hat," as the parson's wife said to her husband. If the Major should go to Charleston, his numerous *old allies* and acquaintance there, we hear, will cordially greet his arrival. By the way, can't the Major give us "a little light tetch" *occasionally*, as the man said of the kick of the Zebra? We should be glad for him to take a strut in our columns with his "noo brads" and a *Spurr* we understand he is to have at his heels. Major, here's your health.

Altorf has, we learn, been foundered; we should be most happy if our information should prove incorrect. He was one of the best of the get of the imported horses.

Col. Theodore W. Brevard claims the name of *Lord of Lorn*, for a br. c. by Argyle out of the old Duck Mare, or as she is more properly called, Maria. This colt is now three years old and in training, and a gentleman, well known to us, writes of it thus:—"I like not big names, myself, for horses, lest they prove *too heavy to carry*; but if any colt can carry weight, of any severe sort, this one can. He is the finest of Argyle's get that I have seen, and this is saying a great deal, for his foals are all remarkably beautiful, and, so far as tried, equally successful upon the turf."

Argyle has, beyond all doubt, been more successful in his first year's get than any other stallion in America; but then, too, he has the most choice mares in the world. By the way, the favorite *Kate Seyton* (not Seaton, as it has been spelled,) was beaten at Camden by *Governor Butler*, another of Argyle's get, in unexampled time—1:48—1:49. This news we learned verbally, and it is all we have yet heard from the Camden races. Pray is the "Journal" published there still?

Isaac Van Leer has sold for the Messrs. Stevens, of New York, the following blood stock:—

Zela, ro. f. by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton by Mendoza, 3 yrs., to Henry A. Tayloe, of Marengo Co., Ala., for $4500.
Ch. c. own brother to Henry Moore, to R. B. Harrison, Esq., of Benton, Ala.

The following have been sold to Dr. R. W. Withers, of Greensboro', Ala.:

Antoinette, by Nulliffier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs.
Dosoris, ch. h. by Henry, out of Miss Walton (Goliah's dam) 5 yrs.
Tom Moore, ch. h. by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 7 yrs.
Henry Moore, ch. h. by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam, 6 yrs.
James Moore, ch. h. own brother to Henry Moore, 5 yrs.

The following blood stock, the property of Dr. R. W. Withers, have taken their road to Texas, under the charge of Isaac Van Leer; they are all for sale.

Ch. h. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, 6 yrs.
Ch. h. *James Moore*, own brother to Henry Moore, 5 yrs.
Br. f. *Fyldine*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 4 yrs.
Ch. f. *Loretta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.
Ch. f. *Zettila*, by Pulaski, out of Sally Harvey by Virginian, 3 yrs.
B. m. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Carolinian, 5 yrs.
Ch. h. *Alonzo, Jr.*, by Alonzo, out of Sally Harvey, 5 yrs.
Ch. f. by Pulaski, dam by Arab, 3 yrs.
Ch. c. by Pulaski, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.
B. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, the property of Thos. E. Gettings.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that Mr. Boyce has advertised his horse *Critic* for sale. His pedigree is a rich one, and the attention of breeders is directed to it.

Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, has purchased Col. Johnson's interest (one half) in *Fanny*—the Maria West filly by Eclipse—for $3,500. She has already started with *Argyle* for the South, under the care of Willis. This will give the Colonel's stable more force for the Charleston meeting. The other half interest in this favorite filly belongs to J. C. Rogers, Esq., of North Carolina.

Capt. Stockton has sold *Bergen* to C. F. McCoy, Esq., of Trenton, N. J.; and also a four year old filly by Dashall out of Monmouth's dam. The prices have not transpired. Bergen will make his first season at Pennington, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Newberry, S. C., Fall Races, which commence on the 26th of December next. A great variety of rich stakes have been opened by the proprietors, and the entries already made comprise much of the best blood in the country.

Maj. Wm. R. Peyton has sold to Col. Wm. Wynn the filly *Great Western*—No. 1 in the Peyton Stake—being the produce of Black Maria and Imp. Luzborough. Price, $3000.

Pedigree of Lancella.—Lancella, b. m., foaled in June, 1833, was got by Lance (own brother to Ariel and O'Kelly), out of Lady Burton (the dam of the celebrated four mile horse Counter Snapper) by Sir Archy, grandam Sultana by the Barb Horse, and out of the Barb Mare presented to Mr. Jefferson by the Bey of Tunis.

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

Alexandria, (La.) Oct. 30, 1839.

My dear Sir—When a Stallion is advertised to serve a limited number of mares, are the subscribers bound to pay for the season, if he is allowed to serve a greater number?

Please place this query in your valuable paper, "The Spirit of the Times," and very much oblige A Subscriber of Red River.

The Editor would surely answer that, in the case put, the original subscribers are not bound to pay, and a court of law would so decide.

ENGLAND vs. AMERICA.

Nov. 14, 1839.

Mr. Porter:—Some of your correspondents have been expressing a wish to test the powers of the English and American horses—although I for one think this matter has been somewhat passed upon by the performances of *Monarch*, *The Queen*, *Likeness*, *Maria Black*, &c., and by the increased speed of our own racers, bred immediately from imported horses. But, to give the unbelievers a chance to test their truth or fallacy, I herewith send you the terms of the Goodwood Cup, as offered for the July meeting of 1840, by the Duke of Richmond, who is anxious to have a trial of American and English horses, and who offers such terms and holds out such inducements, as no man who has a good horse, and wishes to make the experiment, can reject.

Goodwood Cup—for 1840—300 Sovereigns, Subscription 20, 100 added from the racing fund; to carry, 3 years old, 102lbs—4, do., 127lbs—5, do., 135lbs—6 and 7, do., 138lbs—all untried horses to be allowed, 4 years old, 14lbs—5 years old, 28lbs—6 and 7 years old, 42lbs., and all *American horses* to be considered as *untried*, no matter how often they may have run on this side the Atlantic.

It is not necessary to say to any gentlemen upon the Turf, that this is usually one of the most valuable stakes in England, from the great number of entries, which are all added to the Cup. It is also one of the great betting events of the year, and no one going there need fear lest he cannot lay out the whole of his funds. An American horse could have a million of dollars laid against him, at an odds, ranging from 20 to 1, down to 4 to 1, that I heard offered to a large amount.

But I must caution them to take over none but good ones; the Cup Course is somewhat over three miles, and sometimes heavy; but if the horse is under first-rate, he has no business even with the allowance; he must run his mile in 1:45, or it would be no go. It does seem that Boston should beat any horse in the world, he to carry 96, and a four year old 127; yet this is the advantage offered by the terms of the race. I should still hesitate to back him, unless on this side the water.

Let those who believe we have better horses than the English, avail themselves of this offer; for myself, I am content to improve my stock by breeding from their best. Yours, Barrymore.

Note by the Editor—Much as such a trial as that pointed out by "Barrymore" would interest our turfmen, we see little likelihood that it will ever be made. The infinite difficulty and annoyance of taking a stable of horses out to England, the risk of accident, and the uncertainty as to the effect of the English climate—all conspire to deter our turfmen from the experiment, however sanguine they may be of success. And, again, there is hardly an individual upon our turf, who pursues racing as an exclusive avocation; all the leading men are engrossed in other occupations, which would make the requisite long absence from home exceedingly inconvenient.

But even with all these obstacles, cannot Mr. Long be induced to go over with *Boston*, should his challenge here be declined? If any thing here can beat *Crucifix* or *Charles XII.*, we believe it is Boston, and chimerical as the project may appear, the certainty of being able to invest your money, at very long odds, and to any amount, may yet induce "old Arthur" to turn over his stable to Belcher or Willis, and try his fortunes in another hemisphere.

IMPORTED BLOOD STOCK.

Several recent purchases of blook Stock have been noticed in late numbers of this paper; a more full description is now given of them, by one who saw the horses in England, and is aware of the estimation in which they were there held. It may not be amiss to state that they were selected by those well versed in the affairs of the English turf, and capable of making selections proper for America. Among the lot is *Ludford*; there have been two Ludfords on the English turf—one by Manfred, the other by Wamba; the latter is the horse selected, and not, as has before been stated in this paper, the Manfred horse.

The following Stock has been lately shipped from England, and may be shortly expected. *Ludford*, a chesnut horse, now rising, 7 yrs., of good size, and uncommon beauty; he has been a successful racer, at all distances, from one mile to three mile heats, and in most of his races, if not first, was second—he is, in the language of the English Turf, "*a rare bred one.*"

Ludford was got by Wamba—out of Idalia by Peruvian—Meteor—Maid of All-Work, &c. Idalia was the dam of Panacea, Pantaloon, Pantecknitheca, Parthian, Preservative and Ludford. Wamba (sire of Ludford) was by Merlin, out of Penelope by Trumpator, out of Prunella. Penelope was the dam of Whalebone, Webb, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Walton, Wildfire, Windfall, Whizgig, Waltz and Wamba.

Thus it is seen that Ludford is immediately allied, on both sides, to the best stock in England; this, added to his fine racing performances, will insure to his owners in Raleigh, N. C., a profitable investment, and to his patrons a valuable stock.

A handsome brown filly, now two years old, about 15 1½ high, comes in the same ship to the same gentlemen—she is by Augustus out of Toso—herself a race-nag, and her produce are running well at this time.

These horses are shipped to Charleston, S. C., and will come by the way of the Wilmington railroad to Raleigh.

For New Orleans, Mr. Flintoff has shipped *Volney*, a brown bay, 6 years old. He was got by Velocipede out of Voltaire's dam, she by Phantom. On the score of blood nothing more need be said to persons conversant with the Turf, or blood horse—there is no better pedigree in the English Stud-book.—Volney was one of the strongest blood horses in the Kingdom; and, when young, was a colt of the highest promise; he won his early engagements, but went amiss, and was withdrawn from the Turf. We predict his success in the West, where it is said he has gone for a Company.

In the same ship Mr. Flintoff has a bay yearling colt—strong, handsome, of good size, and racing family—*Rotherham* by Grey Conqueror, dam by Mulatto grandam by Discount—Stamford, Drone, Young Marske, Bosphorus, Rib, Hip, Bahohans's dam, &c. He was bred by Mr. Booth, near Rotherham. Grey Conqueror by Camillus, out of Urganda by Sorcerer.

Mulatto is the sire of Bloomsbury. This is a colt of fine blood and high promise, and any one who purchases him will get a trump.

MECKLENBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

Mecklenbug, Nov. 10, 1839.

Sir,—Below you will receive a report of the races over the *Christiansville Course*, in October last, commencing on the 15th, and continuing four days.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's (Lewis Williams') ch. h. *Libetus*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs.	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's b. c. *Baltimore*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.	3	2
Capt. J. Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 y.	2	3

Time, 3:55—3:56.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse $400, ent. $20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Thomas B. Wall's b. m. *Molly Ward*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	1	1
Capt. James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 4 yrs.	2	2
Ceophas Hudson's b. h. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir James, 5 yrs.	3	3

Time, 5:53—5:54.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $100, with the gate money of the day added, ent. $10; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. B. Wall's br. f. by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs.	3	1	2	1	1
Robt. Duncanson's ch. c. *Jacob Crebs*, by Alonzo, dam by Sir Charles, 4 y.	4	4	1	2	2
Capt. James Williamson's ch. g. *Engine*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	2	3	3	dr	
Ceophas Hudson's ch. g. by Contest, dam by Decision, 3 yrs.	1	2	dr		

Time, 1:53½—1:51½—1:56—2:00—2:04.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. B. Wall's (Maj. N. T. Green's) ch. c. *Brean*, by Goliah	1	1
James McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde	2	2

Time, 1:58—2:00. Track heavy.

Washington M. Pittus, *Sec'y*.

The name of *Dolly Thorp* is claimed by J. C. Rogers, Esq., for his br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Portsmouth's dam, which won the 2 yr. old Stake at Raleigh the 5th inst.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) FALL RACES.

[The following letter is from Mr. Leefe, one of our travelling correspondents.]

My Dear Sir,—The Greensboro' Jockey Club Fall Meeting commenced on Tuesday last, over the Henry Course, and was maintained with great spirit throughout. The track was deep with sand, which prevented quick time from being made.

President, Wm. Armistead, Esq.; Secretary, Henry A. Tayloe, Esq.; Judges, Robt. C. Macon, and Saml. Strudwich, Esqrs.; Timers, Wm. Bell, Jr., and Thomas Eubank Leefe, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1839—Post Stake for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Five subs. at $2000 each, $500 ft. Four mile heats.
Thos. Watson's ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs ... 1 1
H. A. Tayloe's (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Kitty by Pacolet, 5 yrs ... 2 2
Time, 8:11—8:52.

Bee's-wing was the favorite, and won the race with ease.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
B. Smith's ch. m. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte 5 yrs ... 1 1
R. H. Long's gr. f. *Cotton Plant*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs ... 5 2
W. G. Haun's gr. f. *Sally Hilliard*, by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs ... 3 3
H. A. Tayloe's b. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs ... 2 dist.
J. D. McAllister's b. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs ... 4 dist.
Time, 4:02—4:04.

This was an extremely interesting race. Eloise and Maria were the favorites against the field. Both heats were contested with great spirit; in the last Maria came to the post second, but not bringing her weight up to the stand, she was declared distanced; she let down shortly after entering the last mile.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs, fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. One mile.
Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. c. by Imp. Consol, dam by Bertrand ... rec'd ft.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $30, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
B. Smith's br f. *Fancy*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs ... 1 1
J. D. McAllister's ch. f. *Mary Meadow*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs ... 3 2
.H. Long's b. c. *S. S. Prentiss*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 4 yrs ... 2 3
Time, 6:07½—6:21.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. c *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet ... 1
B. Smith's br. c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella by Shylock ... dist.
Time, 4:00.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Henry A. Tayloe's ro. f. *Zela*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton by Mendoza, 4 yrs ... 1 1
R. H Long's b. h. *Maltravers*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs ... 2 2
W. G. Haun's br. f. *Kate Haun*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs ... 3 3
Time, 8:24—8:29.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
R. H Long's ch. f. *Sally Barton*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs ... 2 1 1 2 1
Dr. R. W. Withers' ch. h. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs ... 3 2 2 3 2
J. D. McAllister's bl f. *Black Rose*, pedigree above, 4 yrs ... 4 4 1 dist.
B. Smith's b. c. *Kenno*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs ... 1 3 dist.
Time, 1:55—1:58—2:00—1:59—2:01.

Black Rose was declared distanced in the fourth heat, for foul riding.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Thos. Watson's b. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Jerry ... 2 1 1
H. A. Tayloe's b. f. *Cinderella*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet ... 1 2 2
Time, 1:56—1:58—2:00.

RALEIGH (N. C) FALL RACES—Concluded.

We have received the official report of the Raleigh meeting. Below is the record of the last days' sport:—

FRIDAY, Nov. 8, 1839—The *Rogers Plate*, value $200, ent. $25, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
David McDaniel's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt, dam unknown, 3 yrs ... 1 1
James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs 4 2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. *Eliza Blount*, by Mons. Tonson, 3 yrs ... 5 3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs ... 2 4
T. W. Rainey's *Ariella*, by Marion, dam by Columbus, 4 yrs ... 3 5
Gen. M. T. Hawkins' *Panic*, by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up ... dr
Time, 1:55—1:53.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500 each. Two mile heats.
Gen. M. T. Hawkins' *Panic*, pedigree above ... 1 1
R. Cunningham's bl. c. *Black Boy*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Van Tromp ... 2 2
Time, 3:55—3:58.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, for $100 a side, Two miles.
Wm. H. Mead's *Ned Whalebone* ... 1
A. Hepper's *Little Billy* ... 2
No time given. Won easily.

SATURDAY, Nov. 9—Purse $300, ent. $20, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
David McDaniel's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Hard Luck, dam by Mons Tonson, 3 yrs ... 1 1
William McCargo's b. c. *David Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, 4 yrs ... 4 2
J. P. White's *Little Beaver*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs ... 2 dist.
S. A. Williams' *Ariella*, pedigree above, 4 yrs ... 3 dist.
Jas. Williamson's b. c. *Bloomsbury*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Giles Scroggins, 4 yrs ... 5 dr
Time, 4:00—3:54.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes 2 yr. olds; Three subs. at $100 each; One mile.
David McDaniel's (R. Bunn's) b. f. by Imp. Felt, dam by Washington ... rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a side. Mile heats.
James Williamson's ——— ... 1 1
David McDaniel's ——— ... 2 2
Time, 1:57—1:58. Won easily.

W. H. H, *Secretary*.

FULTON (S. C.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *Fulton Course* commenced on the 23d of October, and continued three days. Report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $230, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
Col. A. Flud's b. f. *Zorada*, by Virginius, dam by Comet, 4 yrs ... 2 1 1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Cara*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Ecols, 3 yrs 1 3 2
Mr. R. C. Richardson's ch. c. *Toney Lumpkins*, by Bertrand, Jr., out of Lapesel, 4 yrs ... 3 2 dr
Maj. Powell McRa's gr. h. *Blue Ruin*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs ... dist.
Time, 4:03—4:03—4:07.

1st heat.—The grey and Toney took the lead for about a mile, then Cara came up and led, Zorada about fifty yards behind, the grey and Zorada to all appearance giving up the heat to Cara. Zorada made an effort to overhaul her competitor, but the gap was too great, and Cara won by several lengths.

2d heat.—They all went to work at a rapid rate, Cara leading, Toney next, and Zorada close up. At the commencement of the second mile Toney headed Cara, and Zorada came up and locked him. Here both took the spur kindly, and ran in that position until half way up the straight, when Zorada drew out, and won the heat by two or three lengths. Toney Lumpkins, after this heat, was purchased by Col. R. Singleton, and being done over by the heat, was drawn.

3d heat.—Zorada took the lead, and maintained it throughout.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse $160, conditions as before, Mile heats.
Col. J. B. Richardson's b. c. *John Dunkin*, by Mucklejohn, out of Coquette, 3 y. ... 2 1 1
Maj. Powell McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 5 yrs ... 1 2 2
Mr. W. Richardson's ch. f. by Alborak, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs ... dist.
Time, 1:56—1:59—2:06.

1st heat.—Ellen took the heat, beating the colt a length or two. The filly, it was thought, was taken in hand by her rider down the straight, who thought he was near enough to save his distance, but he was cut out by two or three lengths.

2d heat.—The colt led off, but on the commencement of the back stretch Ellen broke off, and ran some 30 yards ahead, but the colt overhauled her, and won the heat.

3d heat.—The colt led all round. In justice to Mr. McRa's horses, it must be said they were hog fat, and the weather was very warm.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse $120, conditions as before, Mile heats.
Col J. J. Moore's b. c. by Nonplus, out of Nancy Aim, 3 yrs ... 1 1
Col. J. B. Richardson's ch. f. *Amy*, by Nonplus, dam by Comet, 3 yrs ... 2 2
Time, 1:55—1:57—best time ever made on this course.

1st heat.—Amy the favorite at 3 to 1. She took the lead, but the colt putting it on a brush, beat her down the straight.

2d heat.—The colt took the lead, and maintained it at his ease throughout.

These are the first of Nonplus' get that have shown out, and two promising nags they are. There are four of his get in training, and all are thought well of. The bay colt, the winner of the 3d day's race, by Nonplus, out of Nancy Aim (own sister to Transport), and a filly by Nonplus, out of the dam of Little Venus, have been purchased by Col. A. Flud of Col. Moore. The filly is in the great Sweepstakes at Columbia, and will then make her first appearance. Great sport is expected at Camden and Columbia, from the number of horses in training here.

A Subscriber.

COLUMBIA (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Columbia (Tenn.), Nov. 4, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Below you have the result of the first running on the new Ashland Course. You will perceive there was a crowd of choice horses and spirited turfmen present. The track is 24 feet over a mile, six inches deep in dust, and being new, of course unsettled and heavy. The soil is such, however, that time and use will eventually contribute to make it one of the finest courses in the South.

TUESDAY, Oct 29, 1839—Purse $400, entrance $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.
Col. Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Old Mistress*, by Count Badger, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs., 97lbs. ... 2 2 1 1
M. L. Pillow's b. f. *Polly Pillow*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 97lbs. ... 3 1 2 dist.
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's ch. h. *Red Tom*, by Bertrand, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 6 yrs., 118lbs. ... 4 4 3 *
Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. *Maria Williams*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs., 83lbs. ... 1 3 dr
Col Wm. R. Hill's br. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 4 yrs., 104lbs. ... dist.
James Anderson's ch. h. *John Wickham*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Boston's dam, 5 yrs., 100lbs. ... dist.
Time, 4:05—4:07—4:18—4:13. * Ruled off.

Maria Williams, before starting, was backed 2 to 1 against the field. John Wickham won the track, and they were let off finely, Red Tom leading, pressed by Maria Williams to the middle of the back stretch, when she passed, leading round to the stand, all in a bunch. On entering the back stretch again, Old Mistress made a run for it, placing herself second, which position she kept home, Maria winning the heat in 4:05, the Barefoot and Stockholder distanced.

Bets were now placed "thick" on Maria against the field. Again they were turned loose, Red Tom leading to the first turn; here Old Mistress caught him, and was soon picked up in turn by Polly Pillow, Maria taking good length in the rear. On passing the stand, it was evident the heat was given up to Polly. She kept up a thumping pace, sixty yards ahead, clear round to the stand again, winning in 4:07.

On the third trial but three horses came to the stand, Maria having been drawn. (Knowing ones swamped.) Polly Pillow went off ahead half round the first mile, when Old Mistress lapped and passed her. The heat was won in 4:18 by the Badger, Polly and Tom not pushing her.

Fourth heat, Tom not having won a heat in three, he was ruled off. Polly was done. Old Mistress ran it in 4:13; Polly distanced.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30—Purse $500, ent. $30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
Henry Smith's b. c *John Marshall*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 1 1
Maj. W. R. Peyton's *Bay Bolton*, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs ... 4 2
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f *Peggy Nailor*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 3 yrs ... 5 3
John S. Grainger's (James Anderson's) br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman, 3 yrs ... 3 4
Col. Geo. Elliott's gr. c. *Boyd M'Nairy*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 y. 2 dist.
Time, 6:23—6:20.

In the morning two to one was freely offered on Boyd M'Nairy, and largely taken. The assemblage was large, and the interest of the amusements greatly enhanced by the presence of a number of ladies, who had assembled to witness the sport from their carriages. At the tap of the drum they went off in fine style. The run was brisk, and a sharp struggle ensued between the "brag" and John Marshall, the latter leading the mile round—passing the stand locked—and M'Nairy getting out a length on the next turn. John stuck to him every foot to the stand again, brushed, lapped, and passed him at the turn, when a scuffle ensued worth looking at. The two went down the back stretch almost together, the balance coming in a bunch in forlorn chase. Marshall won the heat by some fifty feet in 6:23.

They were again called to the starting post, and let off handsomely, swinging round the turn at a prodigious lick, Marshall ahead to the first half mile, when Peggy made a push and passed. They came to the stand nearly locked, Peggy in front. On the next stretch Marshall brushed, but indifferently. At the turn he brushed again, and passed. On passing the stand it was noticed that Boyd M'Nairy had run his run out of him, when Bay Bolton, seeing what was likely to ensue, on the back stretch made a prodigious push to save the heat, but it was too late. He brought himself from eighty yards in the rear to the second position, but John Marshall took the heat by a few feet, in 6:20. The knowing ones "sucked."

THURSDAY, Oct. 31—Purse $700, ent. $40, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Wm. G. Harding's gr. f *Gamma*, by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs ... 3 1 1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, 6 yrs ... 1 2 2
Maj. Wm. R. Peyton's b. c. *Phantom*, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia (dam of Imp. Anna Maria) by Phantom, 4 yrs ... 2 3 dr
Time, 8:35—8:30—8:58.

Mary Wynn was backed two to one against the field. They had a capital start, Mary leading. Phantom ran for the heat, putting on steam at every turn. At the end of the third mile he drew close up, and on entering the fourth the pace was sensibly quickened, the last mile being run in 2:00; Mary winning by about ten feet in 8:35.

The second heat was done in better time. Mary Wynn again led from the start, Gamma and Phantom both contending. The run was beautiful—round the first mile neck and tail between Mary and Gamma, and Phantom close up; round again, all together. On entering the third mile Phantom pressed a little, driving them up to a killing pace, and Gamma running Mary to the girth. At the first turn of the fourth mile the pace was quickened, and Gamma laps, running locked with Mary to the next turn, when she presses to the front, running out ahead in 8:30.

Phantom was now drawn, and the two mares contended singly in the third heat. Gamma won it cleverly in hand, in 8:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1—Purse $100, ent. $20, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. f. *Maria Speed*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
Col. Robt. Smith's br. f. *Day Dream*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 y. 1 2 2
Col. Wm. R. Hill's br. f. *Maria Fox*, by Walnut, dam by Leonidas, 4 yrs ... 3 3 dr
Col. Henry Smith's gr. f. *Betsey Banton*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 y. 4 dist.
Time, 1:59—1:59—2:02.

It is proper to remark, that Col. Henry Smith's filly, by accident, received a bad start each heat, being more than a distance in the rear in starting. It was this accident which distanced her.

After the third heat a patrol judge reported foul riding on the part of Day Dream's rider, and the purse, by the rules of the course, was awarded to Col. Elliott's filly.

Fifth Day.—A Sweepstake, of five subs., at $25 each, for saddle horses, one mile out, was won by Mr. Willis Boddy's gr. h. in 2:02. On the same day one or two match races were run, not particularly noted.

On Monday, October 4th, a match race between Col. Robert Smith's br. f. *Day Dream* and a chesnut horse, famed as "Lowell's horse," one mile, for $100, was won by the former with ease. Time unknown.

F. K. Zollicoffer, Sec'y.

P.S. A Sweepstake is being made up, to be run at Ashland the Spring of '42, for 3 yr. olds, $500 entrance. There are now six entries. A $500 plate is to be run for next Fall on the same course. F. K. Z.

HOPKINSVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES.

These races commenced at Hopkinsville on the 19th Sept., and continued three days. Report:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 19, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $30, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
N. K. Leavell's ch. f. *Medoca*, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs ... 1 1
J. S. & G. B. Long's b. h. *Jno. Granger*, by Crusader, dam by Imp. Strap, 6 yrs ... 2 *
W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, by Barnett's Diamond, dam unknown, 6 yrs ... 3 dist.
Time, 4:02—4:02. * Broke down.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $20, added; conditions as before, Mile heats.
W. C. Gray's ro. m. *Lucy Sanders*, by Printer, dam unknown, 5 yrs ... 1 1
G. B. Long's ch g. *Wallace*, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs ... 2 dist.
Time, 1:59—2:00.

The owner of Lucy Sands contended, and the mare was judged to be only 4 years old, but she was run in Alabama last year, and then reported 4 years old, hence she carried the weight of a 5 year old.

SATURDAY, Sept. 21—Jockey Club Purse $100, ent. $20, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
A. V. Long's br. h. *Brown Lock*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal. 5 yrs ... 1 1 1
W. C. Gray's b. m. *Molly Barnett*, pedigree above, 6 yrs ... 2 2 2
Time, 2:01—1:55½—2:01.

D. Jeffries, *Secretary*.

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

St. Louis, Oct. 30, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will receive the printed report of the issue of our Fall races, which the proprietor hopes may prove sufficiently interesting ("*raw*" and imperfect as you may possibly deem them) to receive a passing notice in the "Spirit." At no period of our racing career, in the State, has the Course been so well attended, and so lively an interest manifested in the result each day. The ladies in particular, whose bright eyes and sunny smiles, give a charm to e'en the dullest amusement, graced the stands, for the first time here, in great numbers. The sky, which for the first day was cloudy and cheerless, became clear on Tuesday, and the sun broke through the morning mist, cheering the earth with his warm rays, giving assurance of the commencement of the Indian summer—the most inspiring and beautiful season of the year in Missouri. The rain which had fallen during the week preceding the races, rendered the track part of the week, *very heavy*, owing to the extreme *richness* of the soil, it being almost impossible to find sufficient *poor ground* here, on which to establish a Course! The printed reports enclosed, were made out by a reporter of the "Republican," here; and some inaccuracies have crept into them,—a few of which, you will perceive, I have corrected.

Yours, &c., C. Keemle.

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Match, $500 a side, Two miles.
Uzzle & Bissel's ch. m. *Molly Long*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Janus, 6 yrs ... 1
Major Lane's bl. m. *Bonny Black*, by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler, 6 y. 2
Time, 4:18. Track heavy.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; Six subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Thomas B. Scrugg's ch. f. *Nancy Buford*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler ... 1 1
John Frost's ch. f. *Patsey Pipes*, by Flagellator, out of Rose Bud by Henry ... 2 2
Time, 2:02—2:03.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
Wm. Peters' (Ohio) ch. c. *Buck Eye*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Old Squaw by Indian, 4 yrs ... 1 1
T. G. Moore's (Ky.) b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress by Director, 4 yrs ... 4 2
Thomas Judy's ch. h. *American Bottom*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Spread Eagle, 5 yrs ... 2 .
T. B. Scrugg's ch. h. *Plough Boy*, by Peacemaker, dam by Whip, 5 yrs ... *
D. Stockton's (Pa.) gr. f. *Catherine Fenwick*, 4 yrs ... 3 5
J. Mathews' b. c. *Rob Roy*, by Marmion, dam by Commerce, 4 yrs ... * dist.
G. Johnson's (Ky.) ch. m. *Sarah Clark*, by Kosciusko, dam by Old Court, 5 yrs ... * dr
R. Martin's (Mo.) ch. h. *John Bull*, 5 yrs ... * dr
J. Kimball's (Ill.) b. f. *Miss Moore*, by Monroe, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs ... dist.
Time, 1:59—2:00. * Not placed.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
James Bissel's b c. *Black Jack*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Baronet ... 1 1
Flannagan & West's b. c. *Swiss Boy*, by Lance, out of Charlotte Epps ... 2 2
B. Ames' ch. f. *Actress*, by Rattler, dam by John Richards ... 3 dist.
Time, 4:14—4:12. Actress was started lame and out of condition.

SAME DAY—Trotting Match, $500 a side, Two mile heats.
L. G. Magnesson's (Pa.) ch. h. *Great Western* ... 1 1
A. Ayres' (Ky.) gr. m. *Mary Queen* ... 2 2
Time not given.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Proprietor's Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.
T. B. Scrugg's ch. m. *Hebe*, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs ... 3 1 1
Lane & Shacklett's bl. m. *Ethiopia*, by Dashall, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs 4 3 2
T. G. Moore's b. f. *Rosa Vertner*, pedigree above, 4 yrs ... 2 2 3
W. Peters' b. h. *Van Buren*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Old Squaw by Indian, 6 yrs ... 1 4 dist.
Time, 6:01½—6:00—6:06.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $1000, conditions as before, Four mile heats.
Lane & Shacklett's (Mo.) bl m. *Bonny Black*, pedigree above, 6 yrs ... 1 1
Stockton & Morton's (Pa.) ch. h. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, aged. 2 2
G. Johnson's (Ky.) b. m. *Betsey Miller*, by Bertrand, out of Jane Shore, 5 yrs ... 4 3
Wm. Peters' (Ohio) b. c. *Buck Eye*, pedigree above, 4 yrs ... 3 4
T. B. Scrugg's (Mo.) b. h. *Little Barton*, by Bertrand, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian, 6 yrs ... dist.
John Kimball's (Ill.) ch. h. *Brunswick*, by Leopold, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs ... dist.
Time, 8:04½—8:20.

Little Barton broke down in the third mile of the first heat. The following is the description of this day's sport, which we find in the "Republican."

Probably a greater diversity of opinion on a horse race never existed, than on the result of the above race. Crowder was decidedly the favorite, Buckeye having many strong and ready backers; Little Barton and Bonny Black's friends being less sanguine. Betsey Miller had many friends, but a lack of confidence in her was very evident. At the tap of the drum they all bounded off like mountain deer, Betsey Miller leading three lengths. The start was a bad one, Bonny Black and Brunswick being in the rear several lengths. Betsey kept her position the two first rounds, Buckeye next, Bonny Black next, Little Barton next, and Crowder fifth, Brunswick on the second round giving in. On the third round Bonny Black took the lead, Little Barton, Betsey Miller, and Buckeye brushing it smartly the first half, when Crowder lapped it with them the next quarter, passing and calling on Bonny pretty loudly, but it was no go—Bonny led him to the stand two lengths. On the fourth round, Crowder again attempted to put it on, coming up aside on the third quarter, giving but a slight brush, however—Bonny coming to the stand half a length ahead, Buukeye and Betsey Miller saving their distance only by the "skin of their teeth," and Little Barton distanced. On the announcement of the result of the heat the shouts were general and tremendous. The sad defeat of Little Barton was almost universally regretted. He was very much "amiss," and the result was not very unexpected,—his friends were cautioned by his owner.

After a blow of 40 minutes, the drum again brought the noble steeds to the stand, and at the signal tap, Crowder bounded off, taking the lead, Bonny Black next, Betsey Miller third, and Buckeye last. The second round Crowder continued in the lead, Bonny Black giving in to Betsey Miller for the round. On the third round Bonny commenced her work in earnest,—brushing for a quarter with Betsey, when she passed her, calling on Crowder in a manner not to be misunderstood, they coming to the stand neck and neck. On the first half of the fourth round, it was "pull Dick, pull Devil," when coming in to the third quarter stretch the noble Bonny shot by,—holding her own to the stand, winning the heat by three lengths. As she came in, it seemed as if the very earth trembled, so loud were the shouts.

This is indeed a triumph, of which Missourians may well be proud. Crack nags from Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Illinois, were competitors of our stock. The great favorite, and the winner in three or four States, Crowder, came to the rescue with all his power and bottom, but the noble Missourian, Bonny Black, gloriously won the battle—nobly conquered in a fair and honorable contest. So, THREE CHEERS FOR MISSOURI STOCK! Out of the five days passed, Missouri stock stands FOUR to *one!* Isn't this glory enough for *one week?* This shows what can be done, when proper attention and interest is paid to the subject.

Soon after the great race closed, a trotting match, in harness, came off, as follows:—

SAME DAY—Trotting Match $1000 a side, Two mile heats, in harness.
L. G. Magnesson's (Pa) ch. h. *Great Western* ... 1 1
A. Ayres' (Ky.) gr. m. *Mary Queen* ... 2 2
Time not given.

These were the same nags that trotted yesterday, under the saddle, and the result just about the same. Great Western can easily gain half a mile on the Queen, in trotting four miles. The mare had some pretty strong backers, however; but 2 to 1 was freely offered against her.

Yesterday may well be set down as the great day of the week. There were not less than twenty-five hundred persons present, and among them a *fair* proportion of ladies, the *elite* of the city and country. Not only was the Ladies' Stand, or saloon, filled with the "dear creatures," but the Club Stand was given up, and also crowded with the beauty of the State. To see so much fashion and beauty present, must have been highly gratifying to the proprietor of the track, as well as it was pleasing and *interesting* to the spectators generally. All that is necessary now to render our races popular, is to have good accommodations furnished, and proper order observed on the track. A little attention, expense, and public spirit on the part of the proprietor, will insure all; and from present appearances, we are not likely to be disappointed in our desires.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Match, $200 a side, Two mile heats.
T. G Moore's (Va.) b. f. *Mary Beechland*, by Sir Leslie, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs ... 1 1
G. Johnson's (Ky.) gr. f. *Lucy Bedford*, by Cadet, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs ... 2 2
Time, 4:13—4:11.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING COURSE.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15, 1839—Match, $200 a side, carrying 145lbs. each; Mile heats, in harness.
Mr. Baxter's gr. g. *Napoleon* ... *Isaac Woodruff*. 1 1
Mr. Thurston's b. g. *Old Buckskin* ... *Geo. Edwards* .. 2 2
Time, 3:04—3:04. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—Match, $100 a side, weights as before; Mile heats, in harness.
Mr. ———'s b g. *Pescara* ... *Henry Jones*.. 1 1
Mr. Smith's gr. m. *Victoria* ... *Geo. Edwards* 2 2
Time, 3:06—3:04.

Pescara took the lead in both heats, and kept it, winning with ease. The grey mare was evidently amiss, as she could not put up Pescara in any part of the race.

A match was to have come off yesterday between Napoleon and Young Buckskin, for $250 a side, Three mile heats, under the saddle.

English Sporting Miscellany.

RACE RIDING.

The professed riding master, adopting the *manege* as the basis of his system of equitation, endeavors to impress upon the minds of his pupils, on placing them on horseback, the absolute necessity of "getting well down on their fork," to sit as erect as possible, to straighten the knee, lower the heel, and elevate the toe; he desires the novice to place his foot no further in the stirrup than the roots of the toes, assuring him that this iron appendage adds no stability whatever to the seat: the balance, according to the professor's inculcation, being all that is necessary for the safety of the rider. Race Riding is a different matter: those persons who appear as jockeys on the various courses in the kingdom, do not, in the first instance, receive the scientific instructions of the acknowledged professor of equitation; on the contrary, being originally stable boys, they are placed when quite young, on the nags in training for the purpose of exercise, in which the gallops, &c., are necessarily included. These youngsters, thus mounted on animals inclined to lift up before or behind perhaps, to be frisky (being as highly fed as possible) in general, either from vice or a playful disposition, intuitively grasp as tight as possible with the knees, these being considerably bent and elevated by the shortness of the stirrup. While the professed riding master desires his pupils to press no more on the stirrup than the mere weight of the foot, the young race rider, with his foot completely "home," bears considerably on this appendage—his whole weight in the gallop, and considers it as essential to the requisite command of the horse, and his own safety.

Hence it will be perceived that the horsemanship of the school and that of the race course differ as widely as possible. We will venture an observation—no system of equitation can be correct unless the motion of the horse and his rider be in perfect correspondence.

The English race rider stands alone in his jockeyship: even the Americans, who have spared neither pains nor expense in their turf operations, unhesitatingly admit their inferiority in this respect.

James Robinson is the most finished and the best race rider we ever saw: his form being symmetrical, sinewy, and powerful, his seat is unexceptionable, his handling equally so, and we regard him as the "strongest on his horse" of all modern jockeys: the union of what has just been stated must be regarded as the basis of the system, which, by Robinson, is carried out in a masterly manner: his great perfection is snatching success at the last moment from a superior opponent and lifting a beaten horse home. Robinson frequently succeeds in deceiving those against whom he rides with regard to the state of his nag; by his manœuvring, they become doubtful, suppose him beaten, perhaps, when to their astonishment and dismay, out he comes, and rushes in first. This accomplished jockey takes a very exact admeasurement of the powers of his horse, he knows when to ease, and when to let him out, and always seems conscious, during the struggle, of what his nag "has still remaining in him."

Harry Edwards is an excellent race rider: many years have passed over our heads, since we first saw his equestrian performance, and were particularly struck with the manner of his setting to—it was beautiful. He has "a good head piece," and at one period was perhaps equal to Robinson, but latterly appears to ride with less energy and spirit—caused, perhaps, by that unfortunate affair at Doncaster some years ago.

Sam Chifney is regarded by many as a very superior jockey, and that he thinks so himself is evident: his style and manner, however, is not to our taste: he makes use of too much bustle, and in consequence his seat is not sufficiently steady; he appears ever anxious to "finish the thing as finely as possible," to make a great bustle towards the close, and win by a head—for the purpose of hearing it remarked, perhaps—"Who but Chifney could have cut it so fine!" Nor have we the least doubt that he has, more than once, lost races, when mounted on the best horse, owing to this foolish propensity.

Conolly we prefer as a rider to Chifney; not that we entertain the most exalted notion of his judgment; but he possesses energy, and will work a horse (rather sluggish perhaps) along with uncommon spirit and effect, as exemplified on more occasions than one, but particularly when he rode Birmingham for the Doncaster St Leger, (1830), where he certainly contrived to beat a superior horse, Priam.

John Day is an old hand at the business, and is rated by some persons as a first-rate horseman; that Lord George Bentinck thinks so is evident, and he must be considered as no ordinary authority; we, however, consider him as a slow-motioned, sluggish rider; he thus allowed Elis to be beaten by half a head by Bay Middleton in their first struggle; and we saw Arthur Pavis snatch a race from him on Lord Suffield's Newlight, when he was mounted on Mr Houldsworth's Destiny, a much superior racer to Newlight, beyond all question.

Arthur Pavis is one of the tallest of modern jockies, and yet can ride et., a circumstance which indicates no very great strength on his horse, when (in 1837) he rode Caravan for the Derby, he was not able to hold him; Caravan, a large powerful horse, went off at score, he forced the running from the starting post, and was beaten by a head, by Phosphorus: had Pavis been able to take a pull at him, to have held him a little together at the commencement of the straight run in, he would have won with ease, but the horse was spread out all the way, and thus lost the race. For a two-year old race, or a half mile, Pavis appears to advantage, as he generally contrives to gain considerably at the start.

Sam Darling has at length become a Newmarket jockey, and rides for the Marquis of Exeter. He has been much employed at Provincial meetings, and continues to be still; but his late engagement has not improved his horsemanship, in our opinion; he never had a good, steady seat, but always too much bustle, and he has allowed the latter to increase.

Simeon Templeman, who rode Bloomsbery for the Derby, sits as neatly on his nag as possible; he is a pretty, if not a very powerful rider; and if he happen to be mounted on the best horse, will not fail to win.

Tommy Lye is a fortunate jockey, he is lucky in riding superior nags: of his horsemanship we cannot speak highly.

Will Scott has not a handsome seat, good hands, nor sound judgment; but he can punish and persevere, as witness his management of Mundig, for the Derby in 1835,—he won the race, but ruined the horse: we never saw a horse so punished. Will Scott has a great advantage in choosing from his brother's stable such horses as he pleases. *Leamington Chronicle.*

NEWMARKET.

Newmarket Heath (the most spacious and principal race-course in the world) is situated at the west end of the town of Newmarket, in the counties of Cambridge and Suffolk, and 60 miles nearly north of London. Races were in vogue in the 11th century, and much frequented at Newmarket early in the reign of king Charles I. The town was embellished with a palace by king Charles II. The extensive ditch, commonly called the Devil's Ditch, was made by the East Angles, a kingdom founded by Uffa. It is related by Abbe Florincensis, who lived in the 9th century, that the ditch was the boundary of their kingdom, by which they defended themselves against the incursions of the Mercians.

There is certainly no portion of the kingdom so qualified for racing as the celebrated heath to which the above historically alludes; for while it combines all the requisites of space, freedom from hill and valley, and pure air, it at the same time affords to the genuine lovers of the turf the most ample means for gratifying to an unlimited extent their fondness for this their favorite and splendid sport. The attention here is not distracted by the unearthly yells of Bartholomew showmen, nor are the card-women that infest every other race course. I believe, without exception, allowed to appear. One solitary being dispenses the lists (no cards), and he is amply sufficient to supply everybody. On arrival in the afternoon your stud is to be visited, five o'clock being visiting hour. At dinner the conversation is racing. At nine the list is sent down to be exhibited in the lobby, with the hour of starting affixed to each race. At eleven it is read aloud by the Secretary to the coffee-room, sufficient time being allowed for betting between each race, after which all sober beings retire to rest, that they may be out *à la naissance de jour* to see the horses take their exercise, and canvas within themselves their respective merits. The breakfast hour then occupies your sportsman until near mid-day, when fashion, if not inclination, directs his attendance in front of the jockey club rooms, where, after settling his account of the previous day, he wagers boldly on the events to come. About two, that being the average hour of starting, we mount our hacks, and in ten minutes find ourselves forming part of a circle (an antique post the centre), betting with an earnestness of which I defy the most ingenious of writers to give you even a faint impression. JUDEX.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.

On Tuesday morning last the sporting coves of Newport and Pontypool were assembled in groups in various parts of the former town to witness a match against time, to be performed by a mare about fifteen hands high, taken from grass only the night before. The owner, a farmer of the name of Waters, had made a wager of £50 that he would trot 50 miles in five successive hours, to be ridden by himself (whose weight, with saddle, &c., is between 13 and 14st.) He had made the match about a week previous with a person of Pontypool, and deposited £10, which was to have been forfeited in case it did not come off. However, a difficulty arose on the above morning about posting the remaining part of the needful, but this was eventually surmounted by three or four individuals kindly advancing the sum deficient. The Pontypool folks made certain of a favorable issue, whether the mare started or not. Between one and two o'clock she was brought out saddled, and certainly there never was seen a more crazy, miserable looking animal backed to complete, either for distance or time, an undertaking of half such violent exertion. Such was her appearance, that no one would have given the owner £7 for her, that being the sum she cost five years before. However, nothing daunted, Waters, with the fullest confidence in the mare's game and speed, would have backed her for ten times the amount had he the cash at command. The ground selected was from the first mile stone on the Chepstow road. At two o'clock a large concourse of persons were attracted to the spot to witness her start. An umpire having been appointed, and the word given, away she went. At a quarter to four she had completed 22 miles. At this period an evident change had come over the Pontypool folks. She trotted her next 14 miles in 70 minutes; thus completing 36 miles in 2 hours and 55 minutes. The owner finding that he and the mare were winning, completed his arduous undertaking in 4 hours and 35 minutes, having 25 minutes to spare. Deducting from the above the time taken in giving her gruel, cleaning, &c., she could not have been at work more than 4 hours. A gentleman has since offered Mr. Waters £25 for her. She is not more than 7 or 8 years old, but sadly disfigured from over-riding and hard driving. Her figure is far from good, but she has some clinching points that form the criterion for speed. *Bell's Life, Oct. 13.*

THE DEVIL'S LUCK AND HIS OWN.

We last week noticed a mysterious little affair, in which an officer of the 7th Fusileers was "done" out of a "trifle" by some "nice lads" in Kilkenny. The subject was brought before the Queen's Bench Chamber, Dublin, on Saturday week. The plaintiff was Mr. J. K. Davis, and the defendant Mr. Murdock M'Clean.

Mr. Haig moved on the part of the defendant that he should be discharged from custody. The application was grounded on the affidavit of the defendant, who stated that he some time since became acquainted with a person named M'Donnell, whom he subsequently met in Kilkenny with two other persons named Coyle and Nolan, the former of whom M'Donnell represented to be an Englishman of fortune, who intended visiting the Lakes of Killarney, and that he (M'Donnell) was accompanying him there. Those three persons spent the evening with him in his rooms, and a proposition to play backgammon having been made, M'Donnell left the room and in a short time returned and placed a box and dice on the table; that this proceeding surprised defendant, but in consequence of the great confidence he had in him at the time he had no suspicion that anything unfair was intended. They proceeded to play, and in a short time he lost £18 10s., which he paid in cash. M'Donnell then lent him £20, which was also won from him by Coyle. Deponent said that having lost all his money, he could not play any more; and M'Donnell observed that Coyle was a man of money, and if defendant lost any more he could wait for the money for some time. The play was resumed, and the result was, that defendant lost £600 to Coyle, and £40 to M'Donnell, to secure which he passed two bills for £340 and £300. That with the hope of winning back the money he had lost, he introduced play on the following evening, and proposed, as he had such bad luck with the dice with which they played on the preceding evening, that they should get other dice. M'Donnell declined this, but proposed to play a game at ecarte. Coyle and deponent played at this game, and M'Donnell kept the scores, occasionally looking into each of their hands. After some time he said he never saw such luck as Coyle had, and that he would break the bank of Ireland. He then went out for a couple of hours, leaving defendant and Coyle playing, who, on his return had won £500 from defendant. Being unable to account for the manner he had lost at ecarte, he proposed to play at hazard, but they declined to do so. They resumed the former game, and the consequence was, that defendant lost £100 additional, and passed his bill to Coyle for £600. On the occasion they pledged their honors to deponent not to pass the bills to another party, as he stated he would not have funds to take them up when they became due. He afterwards received a letter from Coyle, dated from the Salopian Hotel, Brighton, stating that he had passed one of the bills to a Mr. Davis; that it would be due in a few days, and requesting he would pay it. The affidavit having set out a correspondence that took place between Mr. White, the attorney of Mr. Davis and the defendant, charged Nolan and Coyle with being blacklegs, who had frequently before cheated at play, and alleged that Mr. Davis was not a holder of the bill for valuable consideration; that he was marker to a billiard-table, and had been put forward by Coyle to recover the amount of the bill from the defendant. Counsel then proceeded to read an affidavit made by Mr. Riddick, the attorney of defendant, which contained allegations of a similar nature against the parties, and stated that M'Donnell had been heard to say that they had plucked or fleeced a person in Kilkenny about the time the bills were obtained from the defendant. Counsel, after referring to an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Anne, in relation to gambling debts, and to the 5th and 6th William IV., submitted that as the amount of the bill was won by cheating at play, and as Mr. Davis was not a holder for valuable consideration, the amount could not be recovered. He, therefore, urged that his motion should be granted, and cited several cases in support of his position. He also submitted that the plaintiff had not used sufficient diligence to ascertain who the defendant was before taking the bill; for, although he made inquiries about his family, he did not make any application to himself, and in fact, the bill might have been stolen.

Mr. MACDONAGH opposed the motion, and read several affidavits contradicting the aspersion thrown on the parties by the defendant. In one of those it was stated that the plaintiff had never been a billiard-marker; but on the contrary, was a man of respectability and fortune. Counsel then stated that the defendant is an officer in the 7th Fusiliers, at present under orders to embark for Gibraltar, and that if he were set at liberty without giving bail, Mr. Davis would be unable to recover his money for a considerable period of time, as the defendant would leave the country.

His Lordship refused the motion without costs. He observed that when the Court sat they might renew the application, and probably it would be granted on the defendant entering a common appearance.

COCK-FIGHTING ABROAD.

The following description of game cocks, bred in a foreign country, has been forwarded to Mr. Lynn, of Liverpool, with a commission to purchase a certain number, for a main about to be fought for a large sum:—

"Description of the game cocks best adapted for the mode of fighting in this country, and such as I wish you to send me:—*In this country we fight with the natural spur; we never use steel galves, or glaves.* The first thing, therefore, is to see that the cock has sound, thin, sharp, needle spurs, very gently curved, and of the full length of at least an inch, and that the spur is placed at the proper angle for cutting, and not deformed, or in any unseemly awkward direction. The spur ought to be placed low down upon the shank, close to the hind toe—so close that the toe, when gently turned back, reaches and touches it easily. There never was a good cutting cock whose spur was situated too high up, or near the middle of his shank.

"In England and America, where they fight with long steel galves, they prefer cocks which fly in and about the body, because, being a much larger mark, it is less likely to be missed; and as they fight with long artificial spurs, they penetrate and reach the vital part. Here, as we fight in naturals, a cock who strikes low, or under, can scarcely ever do any damage;—we require cocks that come up well about the head and neck, or across the shoulders. In England and America artificial weapons generally decide the battles in a short time; here a battle frequently lasts an hour, and the balance in the scale of victory frequently changing, nothing tries the good game of a cock so much as a long, well-contested, tedious battle, in his natural spurs. A thorough bred vindictive game cock shall frequently rescue the victory from a less generous and determined opponent, who has not stomach and stamina to exert himself and put the finishing blow to his advantage, when the battle has been ten to one in his favour: such cocks, although they will not exactly run away, give up, and are incapable of making the least exertion in the extremity of distress, which is the *gaudiam certainons* of the true, real, thorough-bred game cock. An indifferently bred cock may, by chance, win two or three battles in steel spurs; he can scarcely ever win one in naturals. I require *tall, thin, gaunt, active* cocks, that are likely to command the heads of their antagonists. In respect to exterior qualities, the cock should possess a small taper short *head*, large full *eyes*, stout crooked *beak*, *thigh* powerful, long *neck*, short compact *body*, with a round *breast*, firm stout long *thighs placed well up to the shoulders*, the *shank* not too long—broad thin *feet*, and very long *claws*—an upright easy carriage and stately walk, with *wings* not lying too close on his back, but long and powerful, and extending down to his knees. A well-made cock, when he stands in front of you, appears to have his hips and shoulders touching. A cock whose thighs are placed rather behind, never brings up his legs well, and cannot maintain a long battle. A powerful, thick, long-necked cock, has a great advantage in our system of fighting, which depends almost entirely in striking well and surely at the head. A cock with a sharp breast carries unnecessary useless weight, and will be always over-matched and beaten—he can never have a fine forehead. A cock's *feather* should be thin, hard, and lay close and compact upon him. I want a dozen cocks of this description, weighing, when in condition to fight, between 4lb. 8oz. and 4lb. 12oz., neither below nor above. They must be at least *two years old*—stags cannot stand our long fatiguing battles. They must be put up with the greatest care in spacious pens—their tails trimmed, but their wings untouched. They ought to be fed and watered once a day, precisely between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, each with two ounces of good Indian corn (whole, not broken), and a few minutes after it, eleven sups of pure, clean, cold water—neither more nor less."

"Come in, children—it's going to rain," as the shark said ven he sucked the little fishes.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN NORWAY.

I set out early one morning with two attendants, well armed and provided to enjoy that most exciting of all pursuits—the chase of the bear in a Norwegian forest. My dress was that generally worn by the Norwegian sportsman,—a coat composed of a coarse cloth, manufactured in the country, well lined throughout, and made to button close about the neck, trousers and gaiters of the same, with warm stockings and flannel, which in those countries should always be worn next the skin, linen shirts being always uncomfortable and sometimes even dangerous. The best colors are either dark green or grey, the former being the best for summer the latter for winter. Instead of a hat I used a cap, with lappets to cover the ears, which, without that precaution, run the risk of being frost-bitten. But I must not forget one of the most essential parts of a Norwegian sportsman's equipment; the *skidor*, or snow-skaits, generally constructed of fir, covered with seal-skin, the skait for the left foot being generally from eight to ten feet in length, while that for the right is considerably shorter, the object of which is the better to enable the hunter to turn. The skidor seldom exceeds two or three inches in breadth, and are of great service to the sportsman, enabling him to glide over the vast wastes of trackless snow with a rapidity and ease utterly unattainable without them. Armed with my rifle, and a good sharp strong knife in a sheath at my girdle, I sallied forth, after a good breakfast of rein-deer flesh and coffee, to try my fortune in the forest. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the Norwegian scenery,—its terrific precipices,—its raging cataracts,—its gloomy forests, and trackless wilds, covered with frozen snow, with lofty mountains in the back ground,—its dark lakes and mighty rivers, never fail to excite both awe and admiration in the traveller. Among such scenes I have wandered, day after day, sometimes resting on straw for the night in the hut of some poor peasant, while at others,

"My lodging is on the cold ground,"

has been literally my lot; bivouacking beside a log fire in the forest beneath the open sky with my attendants, after a hard day's hunt. But what will not man undertake when excited by the spirit of adventure, "especially when that spirit appears in the form of Diana!" On this occasion I was returning alone, after a long and unsuccessful pursuit of a bear, which had separated me from my attendants, when I met with the following accident. Having broken one of my skaits in the chase, I had been compelled to take them both off, and trudge on as well as I could without them, and, as it turned out, most luckily for me it was that I did so. As I was walking carelessly on, every now and then giving a loud shout to endeavor to let my attendants know where I was, and directing my footsteps by my pocket compass, I suddenly put my feet upon a pit-fall, and in a moment was precipitated to the bottom. These pit-falls are frequently used to ensnare wild animals, and in order to avoid accidents, the person who digs them is obliged by law to give proper notice through the whole district, but even this does not prevent peasants falling in. The pit-fall is made by digging a circular hole in the ground, of about fourteen feet in diameter, and about twelve in depth, having in the centre strong upright posts which come up to the surface of the ground. On these posts a moveable platform is placed in such a way that it lets down any animal that may chance to set foot on it, headlong into the pit, when by means of a spring it instantly resumes its place. The outside is covered with loose earth, snow, or twigs, and generally baited in such a manner as not to scare the animal for which it is intended. It was into such a pit I so suddenly fell, and to this day I cannot imagine how I managed to escape without broken bones. For some moments I lay as it were stunned and unconscious of my helpless plight, but on recovering my senses, my first impression was, that I must have broken some limb; but no sooner, however, had this idea flashed across my mind than it gave place to one of a real and even more alarming description. The moment I came to myself, I knew that I must have fallen into a pit-fall, but my horror may be more easily imagined than described, when a heavy breathing near me made me conscious that I was not the only tenant of the pit, but that a bear or a wolf, nay perhaps both, shared my captivity. On making this discovery, I squeezed myself up into the corner I found myself in, my heart seemed to be suspended motionless in my bosom, such was the terror of those dreadful moments. In this state I listened in breathless attention for the dreaded sounds, and my worst fears were soon, but too plainly confirmed.

Not only were the breathings of two animals distinctly audible at the other corners of the pit, but I even fancied I saw their glaring eyes fixed on me through the darkness, and felt their hot and fetid breath upon my face. Never shall I forget the agony of these moments, the cold sweat rained off my brow as I crouched on the cold earth in expectation each moment of finding myself in the fatal clutch of a huge bear. I know not how long I continued in this fearful state of suspense, but at last feeling some slight courage from what I began to consider a panic, having taken the same possession of these animals as it had of me, after a short but fervid prayer, I began to reflect on the possibility of escape. Upon feeling my clothes, I found I had not lost my knife, which I immediately drew, and to my comfort I found a small flask half full of brandy in my pocket, which I put in immediate requisition. These little moments occupied some time, for I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution to avoid making the least noise, for that I imagined would bring round an immediate catastrophe. I found myself much revived after the brandy, so much so that after another pull at the flask I ventured to stand up, but I must confess my heart beat against my ribs with an almost audible motion, while I did so; Now began to have some hopes, and still exercising the utmost caution to avoid noise, I set about feeling the sides of the pit with my hands to learn if there was any chance of my being able to climb up them to the mouth of the pit. Instead of being perpendicular, I found they had been hollowed out so as to increase the difficulty, or rather render it impossible to climb them. I soon, however, hit upon a plan to overcome this difficulty, and immediately set about its execution. Turning my face to the sides of the pit, and my back to my fellow captives, I commenced cutting foot-steps, or rather holes in the sides with my knife, at such distances as would enable me to get to the top, a work which occupied me some time, as I was obliged to work very slowly to prevent the enemy from taking alarm. Having accomplished this, I resolved to make the attempt, but feeling anxious to take my rifle with me, which I knew must be at the bottom of the pit, I stooped down, and with my hand on the ground, began feeling around me, not venturing far at a time.

In this way I kept on feeling and feeling, still further, and further, when suddenly I thought I had found it, but imagine my horror when I found I had in my hand the huge paw of a bear. I need not add I dropped it in a second, to use a vulgar expression, "like a hot potato," but it was some time before I could recover from the shock this untoward familiarity with my dangerous neighbor and the smothered growl it drew from him occasioned. At length just when I had given up all idea of recovering my rifle, and had resolved to make the attempt without it, it most unexpectedly came to hand. I had already put my foot in the first hole and was preparing to ascend to the second, when my hand fell by accident on the stock of my rifle, which had rested with its muzzle down against the sides of the pit in the position in which it fell. This was indeed a joyful discovery, and I carefully raised it and placed it in the best situation my climbing would admit. Having reached the utmost extent of the wall of the pit, I then began to examine with my hand the wooden platform, so as to discover the best way to open it. Here again I found my difficulties return upon me, but having achieved so much, I was resolved not to be overcome, and after much trouble and labor with my knife, I at length succeeded in removing enough of the deal plank of the platform to allow my body to pass. Before I entirely removed this I made myself ready for a spring, so that not a moment might be lost in taking advantage of the outlet, as I knew very well, that the moment the opening became visible, it was more than probable the bear would endeavor to take advantage of it. Nerving myself to the last struggle, I suddenly pushed aside the loosened board and instantly raised myself with both hands into the aperture. It was indeed an anxious moment when I found myself with the upper part of my body once more in the open air, the lower part still suspended in the pit, and felt the boards quivering under my hands. I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution, as the least mistake would have once more hurled me from the treacherous platform into the den. By keeping one hand firm on the post on which part of the platform rested, I at last, to my inexpressible joy, found myself once more at liberty beneath the canopy of heaven. My first care was to replace the board, so as to shut out the light from the pit, it being now a beautiful moonlight night; my next to pour out my grateful thanks to the great Power who had so signally preserved me. I then held council with myself what was best to be done, whether single-handed to attack the bear in his den, or to go for assistance. While holding this council within myself I examined my rifle, which I found uninjured, and carefully re-primed it. I confess that after the handsome treatment that I had experienced from the *paws* of the bear, I felt some compunction in commencing hostilities on my late fellow captive; besides, I remembered that the same steps which enabled me to escape, would serve the same for him, an event by no means agreeable, and I had resolved to leave him unmolested, when suddenly the board was shoved aside, and who should it be but the gentleman in question, who with his huge muzzle through the hole, began making most desperate efforts to pull down sufficient of the platform to enable his carcase to pass through. Peace was now out of the question, accordingly placing my rifle as close as possible to his head, I pulled the trigger, and with a terrific growl the bear fell to the bottom of the pit, as I imagined, mortally wounded. Without loss of time I re-loaded my rifle, and while doing so heard a dreadful conflict carried on below, between the enraged bear and a wolf, whose piercing yells mingled in dire discord with the growling of the enraged bear. It appeared as if the bear had fallen on the wolf, and in his fury was sacrificing him to his vengeance; gradually these yells became fainter and fainter as the wolf ex-

pired in the grasp of his huge foe, and I could not help shuddering when I recollected that *his* might have been *my fate*. While this dreadful scene was passing in the pit I had reloaded my rifle, and again placed the board over the hole, and now stood prepared to receive another attack. As I expected, having satisfied his vengeance on the wolf, bruin once more ascended with increased fury to the mouth of the pit, and having thrown away the piece of board commenced a most desperate attempt to break through the platform. For a moment as I gazed on his grim muzzle covered with blood, I felt almost unnerved at his fury and determination, but soon recollecting that it must be his life or mine, I once more put my rifle to my shoulder, and advanced the muzzle close to his head. My alarm was dreadful, when stretching out his huge paw the bear seized the barrel of my gun and drew it towards him; not a moment was to be lost, the gun was cocked, his own paw held it to the lower part of his neck, in another second the gun would have been wrested from me, when I pulled the trigger, this shot was fatal, the gun was once more in my hands, and the bear fell dead to the bottom of the pit. This last encounter was the work of an instant, and I could hardly believe that my deadly foe was killed. By the time, however, I had reloaded my rifle to be prepared for the worst, I heard some shouts, and soon beheld lights in the distance coming towards me, and presently my attendants, with some peasants they had enlisted in the search, and who had been full of apprehension on my account, came up guided by the report of my gun. These honest people were delighted at finding me safe and sound, but at first would scarcely credit my adventure. With assistance the platform was removed, due precaution being preserved in case the bear should show fight, although but little danger was to be apprehended, each of the attendants being experienced bear hunters, having conquered bears single-handed. Their astonishment was complete when on moving the platform they perceived the mangled carcase of a wolf and a huge bear at the bottom of the pit, and when I pointed out to them the steps by means of which I had made my escape.

London Sportsman.

Agricultural.

A NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION PROPOSED.

Especially addressed to the Editors of Agricultural Journals, and to Agricultural Societies.

Essex County, Va., Aug. 29, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Only a few days before I received your paper of the 15th of this month, I had read an account in one of our political journals of the last meeting of the "English Agricultural Society," at which our distinguished countryman, Mr. Webster, gave them a speech. This account elicited in me so ardent a desire for the establishment of a similar society in the United States, that I was on the point of addressing *you*, and through your paper, the editors of all our other agricultural journals, a most earnest request to unite heart and hand in an effort to bring it about. But, to my great gratification, I find, by the last "Cultivator," that you have anticipated me, by suggesting the project in your brief remarks upon the meeting of the English society. Do, my good sir, urge it again and again upon all your subscribers, as well as upon your brother editors. It can hardly be possible, I think, that so agricultural a people as we are should have so little of the spirit which should actuate us all, as not to be effectually roused into action when properly addressed; and who so fit to apply the necessary stimuli as the editors of papers devoted to this great national cause?

Can we, the people of the United States, who boast of being more enlightened than any other civilized nation, in regard to all those principles and arts of government which are best calculated to promote and preserve human happiness—can *we* be so immeasurably behind them all in applying these principles, and cultivating these arts, as not yet to perceive that legislative aid in a country like ours is a vital element in our national prosperity? It is, in fact, to the Body Politic what the heart's blood is to the Body Natural: neither can exist in health and vigor without its appropriate aliment.

What are the obstacles—the rational objections to aiding this vital art by legislation? Shall we be told by some of our martinet politicians that our Federal Constitution forbids? Would to heaven they had been as lynx-eyed in guarding it against *other* attempts to infringe it—if, indeed, the establishment of a National Society of Agriculture would thus operate! That the nation would have been richer by millions than it now is, could we have had such an institution, cannot, I think, be doubted for a moment by any who are at all aware of the vast benefits which have resulted both to England and France from the encouragement given by each to husbandry in all its branches; and I have yet to learn any good reason why we should not follow their example.

But thanks be to our good Constitution, it has a provision in it which is perfectly intelligible, even to the most stupid; and none can dispute about the powers which it confers. I mean that which relates to the mode of choosing our immediate representatives. *This is the king cure-all* for every political evil, provided it be executed as it *may* and *should be*. For example, let the agricultural districts—of which there is a vast majority in the United States—choose none but honest, intelligent, and zealous agricultural men, or staunch friends to the cause, to represent them, and they might rely with absolute certainty that this cause would no longer suffer from the want of any aid that could be legitimately bestowed on it. Such members of Congress would very soon find out a way to form a National Agricultural Society, that would speedily become one of the most popular associations in our whole country; and would prove in a few, a very few years, the means of extending to the utmost extremities of our Union such a mass of information in regard to all the various branches of husbandry, as could not fail to render our nation the richest, as it is still, I believe, the happiest on the face of the earth. Our commerce and manufactures, which, next to agriculture, are the great sources of national wealth and power, would soon be abundantly supplied with all the materials essential to their prosperity; and nothing would be wanting to consummate our happiness but the moral and religious education of our whole people.

Can there possibly be a single individual within the limits of our vast confederacy who doubts this even for a moment? *If there is*, I can only pray heartily that he may speedily see the error of his ways, and most cordially co-operate in the attempt to establish a National Agricultural Society, with all of our fraternity who have full faith in that admirable proverb, (applicable, by the way, to all imaginable associations,) which tells us—"*United we stand—divided we fall.*"

One word more on this subject, and I will rely upon other and abler advocates to support it. Since it has become the fashion of late years to hold conventions for almost every purpose in which many persons are interested, I would respectfully propose, that one be held *in the city of Washington on the second Monday in December next*, with a view of forming a National Agricultural Society; and that the different societies for the promotion of agriculture, throughout the United States, be invited to send deputies to it. Where no such associations exist, county meetings might be held of the friends of the cause, who might depute one of their own body, or the member of Congress from their respective districts, to represent them in the convention. Should you approve this scheme, your paper might commence the invitations, and solicit your brother editors to repeat them. In this way the proposal would speedily reach every State in the Union, and would first fall into the hands of the best friends to agriculture in each, for *they* alone deserve the title who support our agricultural papers.

Anxiously hoping that you will see this matter in the same light that I do

I remain, dear sir, your friend and constant reader, J. M. G.

The Cultivator.

ON CATTLE, HORSES, &c.

[From the American Farmer.]

North Devon Cattle—*their prices in England.*—Many gentlemen express surprise at the prices asked for cattle of improved breed, from imported stock, without reflecting sufficiently on the causes which go to show the justice and reasonableness of such prices. The breeds in highest estimation now in England, are the Improved short horns, the Herefords, and the North Devon cattle. These several breeds, in the perfection they now exhibit for the various purposes for which neat cattle are reared, have been brought to their present condition by immense expense, by great skill in the selection of the progenitors, and unwearied attention to every particular, for more than half a century. Is it then reasonable to expect that they should be sold for any thing near the price of common cattle? As well might we expect to purchase a fine full grown tree, bearing abundantly the high flavored pippin, for the price we should have to give for the scion of a common redstreaked. We have ascertained by actual purchase, the cost of the improved short horns, when procured under the most favorable circumstances, and from one of the very best breeders of that stock in England, and we have already stated at different times, the prices of the Herefords purchased by Mr. Clay, and others in Kentucky; but the North Devons of full blood, which have fallen under our notice, were a free and spontaneous offering, to their present owners, by that enlightened and generous English farmer, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. His opinion of their superior qualities, has already been published in the Farmer, but we knew not what would be the cost of such cattle in England. Having heard that a gentleman who owns a cow of this breed had sent to England to procure some heifers, we solicited such information as he might have received, as to the prices at which they are selling, to which he has politely replied by the following note.

Baltimore Co., 11th Feb., 1823.

Mr. John S. Skinner—*Dear Sir:* In answer to your enquiry respecting an order sent to England, for Devon cattle, I take pleasure in communicating the result.

Last May I wrote to Messrs. Wm. and James Brown & Co. of Liverpool, to purchase and ship to me, by a vessel in which I had previously engaged accommodation for them, three full bred Devonshire Heifers, provided their cost did not exceed $70 or $80 each, and on the 4th of July, they wrote as follows:—

"We should be very glad to carry your wishes into effect, as respects the stock you want; but we are sure it is quite impossible at the prices you quote. The Earl of Sefton is the only person in this neighborhood who has any Devon cattle, and he bought them at Mr. Child's September sales, at two or three times the price you mention, and none of his Lordship's are to be sold."

If I mistake not, you are in possession of the prices obtained by Mr. Child, at his *last* September sale for Devon cattle, and which I think will confirm the above letter. Your's very respectfully, H. T.

Care of Horses.—There are a great many farmers who take but poor care of their horses in the winter season. In the short days they have water before dark, and then have to go without until nine or ten o'clock the next morning, or if they have water early in the morning, they will not usually drink, as their time of thirst is past. Horses seldom refuse water after they have eaten their evening meal, though if they do not have it then, they will usually drink but little the next morning until after eating. So if a horse will not drink early in the morning it is no indication that he has not been thirsty the previous evening.

We have been particular in our observations on this point. We have turned a horse out to drink at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and seldom known him to fail of drinking heartily. Then for experiment we omitted to give him water at night, but attended to it in the morning before he was fed, and he would seldom drink. If it be best for animals to have free access to water at all times, as is generally allowed, then they ought surely to have a supply immediately after eating, when they are usually thirsty: though the superficial observer who finds that they will not drink early in the morning may think that all has been well.

There is not a man probably, who has not at times, been very much in want of drink, and yet, without being able to obtain it, his thirst has gradually abated. In this case the juices from other parts of the body are, in a measure, put in requisition to supply moisture when it is wanted, so by an equalness the thirst is abated or done away, but there is a deficiency of moisture in the system—a drought less severe but more extensive, which, if experienced daily will prove unfavorable to health and strength; and in animals it will injure the growth of the young and operate against the fine, healthy condition of evety creature. They must have water when they need it or they will not drink; like men, they do not eat and drink according to fashion and custom.

Some farmers will use their horses till they are warm and sweaty, and then put them up, perhaps in a cold barn, without covering them with anything to keep them warm; this evil is often greatly increased by allowing the horses to drink freely of water, while warm, in order to save the trouble of watering them after they have stood till cool; a great many horses suffer in this way, and some are ruined. For a man or beast to be inactive and exposed to cold after exercise and perspiration, is very destructive to health, and will destroy the strongest constitutions. Every man knows the importance of guarding himself against exposure to cold after perspiration, and how a drink of cold water, in this state, will send a chill through the whole frame. Though a man is not like a horse, he resembles him in his ability to do a great deal of labor with proper management, and in his liability to disease if his tender frame is not guarded with care.

It was observed in the Farmer some months ago that it was better for a horse to have a place in the winter where he could stand upon the manure, and walk round at ease, than to be confined to a stall and stand on a hard floor. But in this case, as the horse will generally stand in one place to eat, the manure will accumulate under his hind feet so that he will stand uneasy, unless it be levelled frequently so that it will be as high or higher under his fore feet.

Currying horses is very much neglected by some farmers. This operation is very important, as it contributes both to the pleasure and health of the animal. In some cases this business is hardly attended to, being performed only a few times in the course of the winter.

Many a farmer's horse that is now stupid and lazy, and of a miserable appearance, would, under the care of a good hostler, without extra keeping, become so changed in his appearance and spirits, in a few months, though performing the same amount of labor, that his owner would hardly know him.

Yankee Farmer.

HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S CATTLE SHOW.

At the meeting of this Society early in October, a very large party of farmers, noblemen and gentlemen sat down to dinner. From the speeches made on the occasion, which were very numerous, we extract the following from the "Aberdeen Herald," as touching upon points of interest.

Mr. Heriot, of Ladykirk, rose and read an essay on the question, "How far is it a wise and prudent measure to cultivate so largely the short-horn breed of cattle to the risk of the entire loss, or at any rate to the deterioration, of the fine native breeds of cattle!" This essay was merely historical, but evinced a great deal of research, and also of practical knowledge of the rise, progress, and present state of the cross breeds, both in Scotland and England. According to this essay, when Teeswater crosses were first introduced to the north of Scotland, farmers were not so well acquainted with the system of judging of the quality of the meat as they are now—that is, they did not know much about the virtues of *touching*, and, as a matter of course, their *handling* of the cattle was none of the best. By-and-bye, however, they got over this difficulty, and then they began to find out that the Teeswater crosses, however pleasing to look upon, felt rather *duffy*—that was, just like the "shammy leather." (A laugh.) Mr. Heriot then traced the introduction of the Galloway bulls, and corrected what appeared to be an error on the part of Earl Spencer, who, in an article in the *English Journal of Agriculture*, had stated that "most valuable crosses had been got out of a Galloway bull and Durham cow;" the fact being that the crosses in question had been out of a Galloway bull and a short-horned cow. But even in this cross, however advantageous it might have been thought at first, he supposed that by this time the stain was nearly washed out, and he believed that breeders generally kept as clear of it now as they could. From the history of the whole Mr. Heriot concluded that after the first cross the quality became deteriorated; that a second cross was not advantageous; and, consequently, farmers in the north of Scotland, at any rate, would consult their own advantage by encouraging the native breed. Mr. Heriot's essay was received with much approbation.

Mr. Craig, of Kirkton, also spoke to this question. He said he had drawn up some observations on the subject of the short-horn breeds, which he would read to the meeting. Mr. Craig then read an essay deprecating the system of crossing, which, he contended, must deteriorate the native breeds. The rage over all Scotland was to cross the cows and heifers of the Scotch breeds of all sorts with the short-horn bulls. The consequence of this is, that parties will see their error when it is too late, as the hardy breeds of Galloway, Fife, Angus, Aberdeen, and the West Highlands, will be gone, and the whole of Scotland, from John o'Groats to Berwick, not excepting the Isle of Skye, will be filled with a mixed and spurious race of cattle. The first cross will in most cases be large and handsome; but then, from the neglect that must ensue (it has already begun) of keeping bulls of the native breeds, the supply of pure Scotch cows and heifers must run out, and the consequence will be that people must and will breed from the crosses; and it is generally allowed that a second cross is a failure. What then will happen? In a few years nothing will be found in Scotland bnt a mixed and bad breed of cattle. Many people say they can breed from short-horned cattle; so they can, but will that be for their interest? The short-horn-breed is soft, delicate, and liable to many cacualities, which Scotch cattle are not; and at the same time the former require superior keep and are not so fit to travel the roads. Some again say, we do not want them to travel, as we can now send them to market by sea. Many cannot do this; and, besides, the whole cattle in Scotland cannot be fattened at home for London and the other large towns; and let it be kept in mind that short-horned cattle, or even crosses from them, are very inferior beef, generally selling at 1s. 6d. to 2s. a stone less than the fine-grained and beautifully-mixed beef of Scotland. Earl Spencer, who is allowed to be one of the best breeders of England, has a herd of very fine animals of that description, but how are they kept? Why, they are fed, groomed, and clothed like race horses; and it is very questionable if there are many farmers in Scotland disposed to be at that expense; and if they were so inclined, would it not be wiser to give the extra feeding to the best Scotch cattle, which invariably fetch a higher price per stone at market? Mr. Craig then argued that the English do not run so much upon crosses as we do in Scotland, though the climate there is much better suited to the breed. Short-horn cattle are to Scotch cattle something as Leicester sheep are to Cheviot sheep. Now, there is not a Cheviot farmer who knows his business in the Highlands of Scotland but would say that by crossing his hardy Cheviot ewes with the finest and highest-bred Leicester tups his stock would be ruined, and his own ruin would soon follow. (Cheers.) Mr. Craig concluded by urging attention to the subject, as the whole of Scotland might soon feel the bad effects of the measure.

The Marquis of Tweeddale, in reference to Mr. Craig's remarks on the aversion of farmers in the north of Scotland to cross their Leicester with the Cheviot breeds, begged to ask how many such farmers he knew were in Scotland!

Mr. Craig, in reply, said he did not believe there was one Cheviot farmer in the north of Scotland who would have a single drop of Leicestershire blood in his stock if he could avoid it. If there was any such blood amongst their sheep it was by accident.

The Marquis of Tweeddale—Where did they get the tups originally?

Mr. Craig—From the Cheviot mountains.

The Marquis of Tweeddale—Just so. I agree with Mr. Craig, however, in everything he has said; all I wanted was to let it be understood that there is no such thing as pure blood among the flocks in the north.

Mr. Wetherall, the well-known agricultural auctioneer in Yorkshire, called Mr. Craig's attention to his remark about the way in which Earl Spencer fed his cattle, and asked—Pray, Sir, did you say so on your own knowledge?

Mr. Craig—Not on my own knowledge, but on information from a most respectable source.

Mr. Wetherall—Is your informant present?

Mr. Craig—He is not.

Mr. Wetherall—Then I beg to state, from my own personal knowledge, that Earl Spencer's cattle are fed in the ordinary way, and not in the slightest degree according to the information Mr. Craig has received.

Mr. Wood, Durham, corroborated this statement, and added that it was consistent with his knowledge that there was no stock less pampered than Earl Spencer's.

The Chairman then called Mr. Dudgeon to speak to the second question—"Whether it would be better to feed sheep fat for market, or bestow the extra keep raised in this northern district of the country upon the young stocks; and how far crossing different breeds of sheep may be carried on with advantage?"

Mr. Dudgeon argued that the crossing different breeds of sheep might be practised to much advantage, and carried farther than it has been hitherto, when greater attention is paid to wintering. He was decidedly of opinion that the best stocks of Cheviots in the north had already a share of Leicestershire blood, and to this they are indebted for their superiority in carcass, wool, and propensities to fatten. As sheep-walks vary in their qualities, so would the stock vary; while what he ventured to assert might be adopted with advantage on the best grazings, probably, in a general point of view, judicious crossing of the Cheviot stocks by that kind of tups from different flocks may be the most eligible; and on the interior or wildest ground the black-faced or hardy mountaineers, pure or crossed, would probably pay better than any other.

Mr. Horne, of Langwell, W. S., Edinburgh, also spoke to this question. He alluded, in the outset, to the causes which had increased the demand for fat sheep—particularly conveyance by steam—and then stated that he agreed in most points with Mr. Dudgeon. He concluded by advising the farmers to preserve carefully their breeding stock, and proportion their keep so as to prevent the necessity of turning the sheep on the pasture at a time when it was naturally scarce. With regard to black-faced sheep, he believed that all who had them, and were aware of what they were about, were taking care never to exceed the first crosses.

Mr. Sim, Drummond, remarked on Mr. Horne's speech that it would only admit of partial application, inasmuch as it was quite impossible for many farmers to keep their sheep at home at all times.

Mr. Horne, in explanation, admitted this to be the fact, but added that the farmer would find it more to his advantage to keep his hogs at home than to send them to market in a bare state.

The Chairman—We are willing to hear explanations, but we cannot allow any discussion on the question.

The Duke of Richmond then rose, and was greeted with loud and long-continued cheering. After alluding to the business of the evening in a rather serious strain, he jocularly remarked upon the schoolboy proverb, "Jack can't always work, but must have some little play," and craved a bumper to "The Highland Society of Scotland, and may it ever be productive of the best interests of agriculture." [Cheers.] He begged now, as a Highlander, if they would permit him to be one—[Renewed and prolonged cheering]—to ask the Highlanders to show their Lowland friends present how they could drink the toast with Highland honors. His Grace remarked that agriculture was a question which affected the world at large; and, as the Highland Society of Scotland had perhaps done more than any other institution to promote its extension and improvement, it therefore was deserving of Highland honors; and, in drinking it thus, he hoped their Lowland neighbors would learn how they best could drink this national toast. [The toast was drunk accordingly, all the company standing with one foot on their chairs and the other on the table. This is what is called Highland honors; and certainly, if this is what the Celts understood to be a "leetle elevated," the system has been sadly misused, for now-a-days it puzzles the majority of most dinner parties to get off their seats after the third tumbler, instead of getting on the table. Here, however, all the company got aloft in capital style.]

The Chairman then rose and craved a bumper, and, in a few complimentary remarks, proposed "The health of the Duke of Richmond, our newly-adopted Highlander." [The toast was drunk with great cheering.]

SHYING IN HORSES.

When a horse shies he should be spoken to in a soothing tone, tapped on the neck, and allowed to look at the object of his alarm for some seconds. He will then approach nearer to it, and will pass it. Nor should he be pressed too close to it the first time, unless his alarm so far subside by looking at it, that this can be done by coaxing, not by coercive means. If a horse shies at any particular object (a windmill, for instance), he should be treated in the manner already described, and in addition, the rider should contrive to pass it frequently, and allow the horse each time to pause and view it; by which means he will not only pass it without notice, but may be ridden up close to the very sails. On the contrary, if, under such circumstances, the whip and spurs be fiercely applied, as is too often the case, it will add terror to the horse's already excited alarm: he may be thus compelled to rush by it; while every time that or a similar object appears before him, he expects the whip and spur; thus bad is made worse, and the horse perhaps spoiled, if he do not throw his rider.

When a horse shies with me, I speak to him soothingly, &c., and if I conveniently can, I pause and coax the animal till he approaches quite close to the object, and becomes convinced that he has nothing to fear from it. A horse, treated in this manner, will not shy again at any thing similar; further, if this principle be steadily and good-temperedly acted upon, the horse will abandon shying in a great degree, if not altogether. Let it be well remembered that a shying horse is as different as possible from a restive horse: the former is remarkable for good temper and a very tractable disposition; the latter for cowardly cunning, and every kind of equine treachery.

It is cruel in the extreme to urge a horse violently with the steel and the lash, up to an object which terrifies him, when the business can be so much better accomplished by mildness and gentle treatment. Indeed, in the management of horses coercion should never be applied but when it is rendered indispensably necessary.

Spirited horses, in high condition, will start at the sudden flight of a small bird from the hedge, or any similar trifle; but as there is not the least manifestation of vice in such an occurrence, the rider should not quarrel with his horse on that account: if he should be unwise enough to apply the lash or spur, the next time a similar circumstance happens, the start of the horse will be much more forcible, (as he expects the whip and spur again,) and the rider may be thrown out of his seat—perhaps to the ground. Those who ride such horses should be prepared for little occurrences of this sort, and at all events, not to suffer themselves to be irritated by them. The horse is grateful for kind treatment; and I never recollect riding a horse for any length of time that would not follow me in a very friendly manner. I never had one which kicked at me when I was thrown (as I have been many times when following the hounds); on the contrary, when the horse has been uppermost, and been compelled to place his feet upon me, he has always borne lightly, and removed them as soon as possible.

It is no uncommon occurrence for young horses to shy at meeting stage coaches, and if they are improperly treated, they become troublesome and dangerous. A horse which is afraid of meeting a coach should be frequently ridden where they pass. He should follow and accompany them for some distance—when the coach stops, he should be ridden round it; and when meeting it, he should not be urged near it: he should be uniformly soothed, and when (in a short period) he perceives he has nothing to fear from the object which excited his alarm, he will pass it as unconcernedly as possible.

A Faithful Dog.—A few nights ago, as the Hon. Mr. Westenra, M.P., was returning home on foot to his residence at Bishopsgate, he was attacked by a ferocious dog of the mastiff breed, against which he defended himself with his stick until it was broken in pieces. A fine Newfoundland dog which he had with him had stood perfectly quiet during the recontre, but, on perceiving his master entirely open to the enraged animal, rushed forward, and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in conquering the enemy; he then, singular to relate, dragged it to a ditch some yards distant, where he kept it beneath the water until it was drowned.

Reading Mercury.

Hooking Extraordinary.—Mr. Filgate, a shoemaker, at Egham, has upon three several occasions, while fishing in the Thames, near the Weir, hooked a fine trout; but each time the fish broke his tackle, carrying away his set of hooks. A short time since he was again angling in the same spot, when he a fourth time hooked the identical trout; but more fortunately succeeded in landing it, when he found his three sets of hooks fixed to its jaws. The fish weighed upwards of seven pounds.

London Sunday Times.

Grave Amusement.—The following introduction to a piece of poetry in a late periodical, is quite new to us:—"The following lines were written more than sixty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave, *merely for his own amusement.*"

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
GALVESTON, Texas - Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss. North Mississippi Course, Fall Meeting, last Monday, Nov. 25th.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, first Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - - Jockey Club Annual Races, last Thursday, 26th Dec.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. - Second Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, Nov. 27.

A jury of inquest in Ohio lately sat upon the case of a man *drowned* while in a state of *intoxication*, and brought in a verdict as follows:—"Died from mixing too much water with his liquor." That's what we call a caution to totallers and teetotallers.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 14 inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $100 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.
1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M. R. Smith names ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams.	P. E. Duncan.	Thomas B. Osborn.	William Eddins.
Myers & Henderson.	Hazel Smith.	M. R. Smith.	John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith.	P. E. Duncan.	John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz.:
1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford.
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:
1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
5. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
7. William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART, *Sec'y.*

IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE following are expected daily to arrive in Mobile. The yearlings will be for sale, and such an opportunity for procuring the most choice Blood of England at moderate prices, may not occur again for years.

1. *Riddlesworth* (a Stallion), 11 years old, by Emilius, (sire of Priam and Plenipo,) out of Filagree, the dam of Cobweb, and grand dam of Bay Middleton. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased, and brought back by Mr. Tattersall. He is 16 hands high, and one of the most powerful horses in the kingdom. In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 guinea Stakes, against large fields of the best horses in the country, and ran second for the Derby. In the latter race he received an injury, and though trained afterwards, was unsuccessful on the turf.

2. Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, Langford, &c.

3. Bay filly, by Camel (sire of Touchstone), out of Codicil (the dam of Heiress), by Smolensko, out of Legacy by Beningbrough, winner of the St. Leger.

4. Ch. filly, by Langar (sire of Elis), dam by Blacklock, out of Marchesa by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam.

5. Bay colt, by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar, out of Spotless, the dam of Lamplighter, &c.

Riddlesworth is purchased and sent out by the order of several gentlemen of this place, and will probably stand somewhere in the vicinity of Montgomery. The yearlings were kindly put in by Mr. Tattersall to lessen the expenses on the Stallion; and having no interest in the affair but that of serving a friend, (and one, too, proverbially kind to Americans,) I can with propriety recommend them to any of my friends who wish to purchase.

Some shares in Riddlesworth will also be for sale, as the principal object of the importers is to have the use of a fine stallion for themselves and acquaintances. There is perhaps no horse in the country, except Priam, who has higher claims.

JOSIAH C. NOTT.

P.S. They may be seen during the week of the Races in Mobile, which commence on the 26th November. [nov9]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*

NEWBURGH REGATTA.

THE Newburgh Amateur Clubs' Purse, for 1840, of 50 half Eagles, five or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle; free for all six oared boats; and a purse of 40 half Eagles, four or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle, free for all four oared boats. The clubs of our neighboring cities are invited. [nov9–3t*to]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to.

JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—
The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.
Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21–10t*]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR NOVEMBER.

THE 11th No. of this work was published on the 1st Nov., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:

WILD DUCK SHOOTING: on Steel by DICK, after F. C. TURNER.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, November 2, 1839.

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again, he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high repution which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

[nov 23–tjan 15] CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House, directed to Caleb Dorsey.

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the *Kendall Course*, near Baltimore, Md., to wit:

THE SEWELL STAKES—Spring Meeting, 1840. The race to take place at 12 o'clock, 1st day of the meeting, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April by paying $50; to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 8 subs., to wit:
1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. James V. Wagner, not named.
4. Col. D. Jenifer, not named.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names filly by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen. Thos. Emery names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Betsey Wilson, the dam of Lady Clifden.

There are many more gentlemen who have promised to patronise our worthy President's stake; they will please take notice of its closing.

No. 2. Is the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES. You will all subscribe to Pete's Stake, and mind he don't beat you, he is such a quar fellow. This stake is for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1838, and to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft. to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 7 subs., to wit:
1. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edwd. H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.
4. Francis Thompson, not named.
5. W. T. Mason names Jas. Long's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel, not named.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his ch. mare by Eclipse.

No. 3. Is a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 3 subs., to wit:
1. Gov. Saml. Sprigg, not named.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson, not named.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.

No. 4. Is the LADIES' STAKES, for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting of 1843, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by paying $50 on the 1st April, 1843; to name and close on the 1st Jan., 1840. Now 20 subs., to wit:
1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel, not named.
3. R. J. Worthington names produce of Aramenta, by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, the produce of Toynell, by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora, by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
9. Col. Charles S. Sewell names produce of Miss Phillips and Drone.
10. Henry Shepherd names produce of his Catton mare and Imp. Emancipation.
11. Also, produce of his Lottery mare and Imp. Emancipation.
12. Chas. S. W. Dorsey names produce of Buck-eye's dam and Imp Emancipation.
13. Also, produce of Mazeppa and Young Oscar mare.
14. Gov. Sam Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Priam.
15. Also, produce of Violetta Lansdale and John Bull.
16. Col. Daniel Jenifer, not named.
17. Edwd. J. Hamilton, not named.
18. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Foreigner.
19. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy, by Imp. Hedgeford, and Imp. Priam.
20. Charles Boswell names produce of his Valentine mare and Imp. Priam.

No. 5. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, to be run Spring Meeting of 1840, Three mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st March, 1840.

[nov2–5t] J. B. KENDALL.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to go to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000; if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH, } *Proprietors.*
THOMAS WADSWORTH,

[oct5]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trifle, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey, the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15¼ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c.

BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 18, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells	A. L. Bingaman	Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman	Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7–tdec1]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

No. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16–tjf]

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the P the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:
1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman.	Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. [nov9-tljan]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839
A. M. Jewe...

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23,8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*
Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race.
Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.
Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
1. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. 2[oct]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY. was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N" of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H. Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V., by An Amateur; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; American Racing Calendar; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen. Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR,

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk,	Jesse Cage,	G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	Nicholas Davis,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	E. H. Boardman,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	James W. Camp,
L. P. Cheatham,	Henry Dickinson,	Hickman Lewis,
Saml. Ragland,	Alex. Barrow,	George Elliott,
		Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839. to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of thei colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz.:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16 J G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.: three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild.	James Jackson.	Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry.	Jesse Cage.	George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

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Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

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Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS ENENING, Nov. 2—Last night two of the engagemenl of the Operatic Troupe; DER FREISCHUTZ; to conclude with MASANIELLO.

MONDAY, Nov. 25—Last but one of the engagement of the Operatic Troupe; last night but four of the engagement of Mons. ALEXANDRE.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26—Mr. GIUBELEI'S last Benefit, prior to his departure for the South.

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The event which is deemed most worthy of commemoration in theatrical circles the past week, is the production of the comedy of "The Poor Gentleman," by George Colman, the younger. Three acts of it were played for Mr. Simpson's benefit on Monday, and on Wednesday the whole comedy was brought out. Were we to say that the cast was admirable, it would be too slight commendation; it is believed that it could not at this day be so well cast at any other theatre in the world. Indeed, it is well worthy of a more permanent record than a play-bill, and therefore we give it:—

Lieut. Worthington	Mr. Creswick.
Corporal Foss	Mr. Shaw.
Sir Charles Cropland	Mr. Richings.
Sir Robert Bramble	Mr. Barnes.
Humphrey Dobbins	Mr. Chippindale.
Dr. Ollapod	Mr. Placide.
Stephen Harrowby	Mr. Chapman.
Frederick	Mr. Hield.
Farmer Harrowby	Mr. Gann.
Servant	Mr. King.
Emily Worthington	Miss S. Cushman.
Lucretia McTab	Mrs. Wheatley.
Mary	Mrs. Pritchard.
Dame Harrowby	Mrs. Conway.

There was scarcely a blemish in the whole performance. In speaking briefly of the several parts, we are bound to begin with the ladies; and as she is a new comer, not because she is the younger, we first name Miss S. Cushman. The first night she was slightly, or rather *considerably*, nervous; and as it falls out, not rarely with those of sensitive constitution, she was *too* perfect in her part—every word, and every syllable was so familiar, that her thoughts were upon anything but giving the exact language of the text, and she once or twice, in her confusion from other causes, misplaced words and phrases, till the sentence signified anything but the author's meaning. But on Wednesday all was right; her acting evinced great delicacy of conception; and her conceptions she executed with exactness; the formality of closet study was in a greater degree concealed, and you had *Emily Worthington* before you, not Miss S. Cushman. The part is a simple one, and therefore not easily assumed; it would be reft of all possible interest were it to lose a feature of its delicacy, its maidenly truth and modesty, and its self-respect. With the slightest material, these essential attributes must be infused into the part; if the art of the actress be exposed for a moment, if there be the least apparent stage trick, or straining after effect the illusion vanishes, and you have a vulgar woman before you, *looking* outraged—*enacting* modesty. And again, if it be too tamely rendered, it becomes lackadaisical and boarding-school like—more insipid than pap.

Miss Cushman avoided each extreme; she played the part *well*; it received all the applause that it ought in any hands to receive, and in the right passages, too. The effect of her acting will be increased naturally, as an increased familiarity with the stage will bring with it ease, and greater attention to bye-play, in which young actors are necessarily deficient; her voice, too, will acquire a smoothness, a mellow fluency, if but proper pains be bestowed upon its cultivation—an excellence so desirable in an actor, and yet so uniformly neglected, when the remedy is in the power of all!

The "honorable *Miss Lucretia McTab*, sister to the late Lord Lofty," must have been written for Mrs. Wheatley; no other one can do it justice but herself, nor does she in any other character stand so pre-eminent. Every provoking peculiarity of the character, its pride of birth, its essential meanness and lack of independence, its vulgarity and selfishness, vanity and ill-nature—all are depicted with wondrous fidelity, and in a consistent, harmonious whole. Even in the epilogue the character blazes out, and the house resounds with shouts of approbation. It is long since we have seen Mrs Wheatley so aroused, and playing with such energy; the satisfaction which she gave, manifested often and unequivocally, must incite to such effort, as in days gone-by drew pointed compliments *each day* from the press of the city.

Now come we to the males, and upon whom shall we begin? Mr. Creswick, who enacted the *Poor Gentleman*. He appears to more advantage in this part than in any other character. To do justice to *Lieut. Worthington* requires more self-denial than an actor in this *rôle* can usually muster; he always wants to rant a *little*—to feel the pulse of the pit *once*, and to be allowed to carry off their applause by at least one *burst*. Mr. Creswick did no such thing; he was throughout quiet and calm, as he should be. When he reads the letter which announces the destruction of his hopes, and shows the immediate ruin which impends over himself and family, the agony which the recollection of his child stirs within him, finds expression in no violent outburst of groans, or tears, or sighs; it is all gentle and *natural*, and impresses the spectator far more forcibly than any more boisterous exertion would do. The scene which pleased most was that wherein he declines the proffered aid of *Frederick*—the dignity and self-respect of a gentleman were manifested with perfect propriety and truth; there was no opportunity afforded for applause, but the whole house felt the merit of the performance, and at the close of the scene expressed their admiration.

The whole of this personation was very nearly up to the highest standard; the fault which we wished corrected, is yet the most difficult to be avoided in such a part—a monotony of tone, which wearies. Mr. Creswick, at times, relapsed into mere recitation—approaching almost to what is inelegantly called sing-song. To express fully the shrinking delicacy of a proud, but embarrassed gentleman—preserving his self possession and self-respect under circumstances to the last degree humiliating, and yet calling for no ebullition of passion—is an extremely difficult undertaking. In the most effective of such scenes, Mr. Creswick entirely satisfied you, and but for the monotonous tone which perveded certain portions, we should pronounce it perfect.

As a stranger, we should have named "old Barnes" first; but he did not seem strange to us after the first night—he was like a friend who has long been absent, but has just come home; for the first half hour his presence engrosses all attention, but afterwards it subsides, and he fills his wonted place in the circle. So with Barnes; on Wednesday night we forgot that he had long been absent; he seemed to be in just the right place, playing *with* his old friends, and *before* his old friends—all uniting to do justice to a comedy full of wit and interest, and abounding in clearly drawn characters. *Sir Robert Bramble* is a favorite part of Mr. Barnes; perhaps it is a little like himself, warm-hearted, but hasty—generous and argumentative. He infuses pathos into the part with inimitable skill; not an eye marks his affection for his nephew undimmed with tears.

Placide and Richings are each in their element; they play as if the fortune of the piece depended upon their individual exertions. How rich is the *Dr. Ollapod* of the former; forward, bustling, and exceeding valiant—after quail; equally ready to prescribe "buckthorn, senna, and so forth," or "attack your mutton;" and withal, as "respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander in chief!"

There are two distinct lines of the drama in which Mr. Richings evinces the very highest excellence; he is called upon to assume characters in a half dozen other roles, which he does creditably, though not so well. *Sir Charles Cropland* may be considered a representative of his best line of business, and stimulated by the manifest exertion every one engaged in the play was making, he quite surpassed himself.

Mr. Hield played *Frederick*—not a first rate part surely, but he played it with spirit and feeling. Were a few slight angularities rounded off, this gentleman would become a first favorite in this company. His conceptions of his characters are strong, the execution accurate and complete, and his enunciation particularly distinct; could the whole be somewhat softened down—were there a little more of the *ars celare artem*—Mr. Hield would give the critic no occasion but to commend.

We have occupied already too much room with this comedy; the other parts were played most satisfactorily, though of less importance. With Chapman's *Stephen* we could find no fault, though we do not pretend to judge of the dialect he uses; it seemed to come from him more naturally than is wont upon our stage. Mr. Shaw threw much feeling into the lame Corporal, but it is not a character in which he makes his happiest effort.

In the conversation which this comedy has excited the past week, we have heard but one opinion as to the manner in which it was played; every one who has seen it has been satisfied with the minutest detail. If it should, upon a repetition, fail to draw remunerating houses, it will be because the difficulties of the times compel the lovers of genteel comedy, admirably played, to forego for a while the indulgence of their taste.

The vocalists have been singing all the week—on Monday and Wednesday evening in a concert, for which we did not think the selections very felicitous. On these nights Miss Poole played *Apollo* in "Midas," and quite secured her thraldom over her former admirers. *Pray, goody, please to moderate, &c.*, has been encored each night with tumultuous applause. Until more strongly cast, this burletta will not realise the opinions which have been formed of it, from its European celebrity. It nevertheless pleased very well, and could Bedford sing his music, would go off right trippingly. Her song of the "Mountain Maid," which we listened to, for the first time, late last night, is the sweetest little thing we have yet heard from her. It was deservedly encored, cruel as it was, at that late hour, after an evening of constant exertion.

On Thursday evening Der Freischutz was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Blake—so said. The opera was better got up than in the last five years, and it was well sung, But several ludicrous, some serious accidents occurred, which inclines us to delay a notice of it this week. The ludicrous incidents we will omit; the serious, was the accidental discharge of a gun into the face of Mr. Gann. The wadding took effect upon his forehead, and gave him a serious shock and a wound, not dangerous, but severe. His face, however, was filled with powder, and the wonder was how his eyes escaped fatal injury. We learned yesterday, that though his face was much inflamed, no serious apprehension was entertained of a thorough and speedy recovery.

Last night "La Gazza Ladra" was played—an esteemed favorite of ours, and which we never tire of hearing. It is Mrs. Martyn's best character (after *Fidelio*), and we may almost say the same, without *any* qualification, of Miss Poole's and Giubelei's parts. Next week the benefits commence; without alluding to each individually, we sincerely hope that the town will discover enough of musical taste to fill the house on each occasion to overflowing. The engagement terminates on Thursday night.

The magnificent cavatina in the first act Mrs. Martyn executed with her usual brilliant effect. But while we praise, as we ever love to do, her exquisite style in her operatic parts, let us repeat a criticism that has been made to us upon her ballads. Upon these she has been said to bestow a profusion—nay, an excess of ornament. To all ears, we presume, the sweetness of a ballad consists in its naked simplicity, which, if but well conceived, goes direct to the heart. Of her own national songs, Mrs. Martyn—or rather, (we can for once pardon the use of her maiden name,) Miss Inverarity—ought surely to be a better judge than the writer hereof. He submits this criticism, therefore, with due diffidence. The house last night was altogether too thin to pay, although the few present seemed delighted with the entertainment.

The National.—This theatre closed finally on Monday last. Its unfortunate locality, and the difficulties of the times, led to this judicious determination of the manager. His friends express the most unbounded confidence that the new house will be readily built, and will be opened on the 1st of September next.

Concerts.—This is the season of concerts, and though we have not leisure to attend upon them, we hear of fair houses, and often of crowded ones. Sig Ribas is said to have cleared expenses on Tuesday last, at the Apollo—a good deal more than can be said of any other business in these times. On Thursday, Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson had a full house at the City Hotel. A friend attended for us, but we cannot give place to his remarks, without crowding out a very eloquent critique upon Shylock, from the London "Examiner." They give another on Monday evening next.

We have little to report in the way of theatrical on dits. The Seguins have returned from Philadelphia—Ranger is going back to play an engagement at Boston—Mrs. Fitzwilliam closes to-night at Providence, (we were made to say Baltimore last week, although we knew Abbott's theatre was closed)—James Wallack has been offered brilliant terms at the Bowery—Macready comes out here some time after January—Henry Wallack and wife are at the Chatham—and there are a thousand and one rumors in circulation as to the destination of a great number of stars in the theatrical firmament

SHAKSPEARE'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It is a trite thing to say that Shakspeare threw into every subject he took in hand a greater amount of wisdom than had been witnessed in the world before his day, or has appeared in it since. All that is implied in the term, however, is perhaps not always thought of. The amiability and charity were more than equal to the intellect and power. His nature was of necessity so gentle and so sweet, that it threw off instinctively the gross impurities which belonged to his age, and in the filth of which his contemporaries, even such men as Beaumont and Fletcher, absolutely wallowed. In regard to this, a gin shop bears about as much resemblance to the Vale of Tempe, as their works to his. The sons of the bishop and judge were men of genius unquestionably; the son of the wool stapler was a man of genius and a gentleman.

We know of no instance in which this appears so strongly as in "The Merchant of Venice." It was the high breeding of Shakspeare's day to utterly despise and insult a Jew. Nor was it a new fashion. The same thing had been going on in the world for fifteen hundred years. It had all that time been a chivalrous and a gentlemanly thing to spit upon them, to revile them, to plunder them, to burn them alive. Their best fate was that of beasts of burthen, who carried gold across far countries or deserts, and whose track might be followed by a blood-trail. The wisest men before Shakspeare's birth, the most accomplished of his immediate predecessors, had done nothing to avert the curse, nothing to mitigate its harshness. Here even literature herself had taken part against civilization, thinking it a sacred duty to increase a prejudice against a Jew. One of Chaucer's loveliest stories (that of the boy who went singing the hymn through Jewry) was founded on a preposterous fiction that Jews were obliged by their religion, and with many horrid rites, to murder children at Easter. So with the drama too. Kit Marlowe had placed upon the stage an old bearded goblin, whom he called the Jew of Malta, and who seems mangling and strangling by wholesale, to have committed some horrible murder or other for every hair he counted on his beard; who contrived that his daughter's admirers should murder each other, who suffocated a friar that came to tell him of his poor daughter's death in consequence, who poisoned a courtezan, made way with her friend, ended his own servant, delivered up Malta to the Turks, and having plotted to betray the Turks in turn, and blow them all up at a banquet, is only withheld from the amiable scheme by the perpetration of his own murder before that of his intended victims. *That* was the Jew that Marlowe drew, that had possession of the stage when the idea of *Shylock* entered into the mind of Shakspeare, and was indeed so popular that the fortunes of Alleyn the actor, the founder of Dulwich College, are supposed to have had their origin in his performance of the part. Nor are we without some idea of what the performance was, when we learn that an item of Alleyn's costume in it, by way of intensifying the goblin aspect of *Barabbas*, was an enormous carbuncled nose! Yet for all this Shakspeare thought that more of the man, and less of the goblin might not be thrown away, even upon a Jew. He took senses, affections passions into the account, and produced the character of Shylock.

We know nothing in all his writings that so emphatically declares the magnificence of his intellect and the justice of his nature. There is no shade of error, on the one side or on the other, in this wonderful delineation. Shylock is not a demon, is not a god, is something less, indeed, than man. That is, he is a Jew. The habits of his nation have made him sordid, her miseries revengeful, and not to countervail either of these vices was he endowed with activity of intellect, but that he might teach, in the lesson of their wretched origin and most miserable end, a memorable truth to all succeeding time. And mark how this is done. Wickedness is not made to look less like wickedness because of the wrong that has engendered it. Nothing will satisfy Shylock but a pound of his enemy's flesh, and it is right that even by a quibble he should be deprived of that. He starves his servants, withholds from his daughter's use the most innocent and graceful pleasures, and is left alone in his age, childless and deserted. Some sympathy on this score there might yet have been for him could we have thought him goaded to his last desires of cruelty by the mere misery of that desertion. But it was not so. Jessica had "heard him swear," long before she left him, "to Tubal and Chus, his countrymen, that he would rather have Antonio's flesh than twenty times the value of the sum that he did owe him." We cannot countenance, for any well-justified revenge, so cold and deliberate a plotted murder. But how stands the general account between *the Jew* and *the Christian* when all is over, and where, when Shylock has left the stage, lurk our sympathies on the grand question? They are even under the worn and battered gabardine of that prostrate and guilty *Jew*. It would be vain to resist this, it is the lesson Shakspeare meant to teach. True it is that with exquisite art he plunges us the instant after into a strain of happy thoughts and moonlight music, but such things do not indispose the mind from justice. From the first opening of the play, by that same art, the dark and solitary figure of Shylock has been surrounded with a blaze of brilliancy and light, to mark with more startling contrast the two worlds of the Christian and the Jew. But now that the immediate pain is over, our thought should be, as it surely is, to make hereafter those two worlds only one, and as we hear the "infidel" Jessica told of "savage eyes turned to a modest gaze by the sweet power of music," so should our own hearts reasonably whisper to us of infidel Shylocks tamed by the gentle lessons of charity. Having discovered that outraged sympathy, unmerited insult, unprovoked wrong, were the first cause of the fiendish hatred of the Jew, not the less because he is discomfited, should we resolve to insult no more, to injure no more, to outrage sympathies no more. Surmounting the crushed form of the miserable Shylock, we have beheld, in the exquisite lessons of this play, the sacred face of Justice, of Toleration, of a really Christian faith, never more to be obscured, never to be again defeatured.

The stage expression of this character of Shylock, need we add after we have ventured to remark, should be simple. We cannot say that it has always been so, or that the singular brilliancy of a great modern actor's performance of the part has induced correct notions respecting it. The least scrupulous of Mr. Kean's admirers have admitted that an over display of the resources of his art throughout it gave too much relief to the hard, dark, ground-work of the poet's figure—that the too visible buoyancy and elasticity of the actor's spirit, the apparently irrepressive fire and animation of his soul, the unvarying lightness and vigor of his tread, would have better accorded with almost any other character than with the morose, sullen, inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of Shylock—and finally, that many of the performer's most celebrated "effects" ware made by the introduction of words that the poet never dreamt of, in equal defiance of the spirit and text of Shakspeare. One thing notwithstanding is certain, that whatever Mr. Kean meant to do in the matter he did it thoroughly and unflinchingly. In execution it was out of doubt his masterpiece, and never were his physical advantages to be forgotten. He had a thin dark Italian face, scrawled over with the Hebrew character; he had a fierce and fatal light in his eye, out of which flashed centuries of wrong, of insult, and revenge. Not less certainly, however, in the presence of these advantages, were the singleness and simplicity of Shylock wanting. In the absence of such advantages Mr. Macready has achieved them, and the result of his long-delayed attempt to pourtray the Jew of Shakspeare, made at last in the Haymarket Theatre, has been to justify both the attempt and the delay. It is a performance of admirable power, of severe simplicity, of generel correctness, but it is a performance that can scarcely become popular.

A glance at Mr. Macready as he enters the scene is likely to move interest at once. It is not the gabardine which tells us he is a Jew, it is not the yellow cap which marks him out for insult. We see the habits of his tribe in a sordid downcast walk, we feel their wrongs in a look of selfish isolation. Had we observed alone that constant tendency of his eyes to the ground, and of his hands to the pockets of the gabardine, we should have needed no better sense of either. Such minute points of truth pervade the whole of the performance, which is equally happy in its more massy strokes of art. Antonio, for example, is not sneered at, and then cajoled; Jessica is not treated with fictitious and gratuitous tenderness; the senate of Venice is not bullied by one of its slaves; a soul and spirit like that of baffled but still hopeful truth does not at last survive the wreck of mean and debased malignity in the forlorn and crushed infidel. We recollect one of Mr. Hazlitt's criticisms, in which he tells us that the way in which Mr. Somebody eyed Antonio, after his defeated revenge recoils on his own head, was truly terrific. Terrific, we have little doubt, as the carbuncled nose of Barabbas! We all recollect, moreover, the glance of infinite and triumphant scorn which Mr. Kean left behind him as he strode finally away, to wither the mistimed jests of Gratiano: very effective it was, and very untrue. There is nothing of this in Mr. Macready's performance. He struggles hard for only one bold look at the gibing Christian, but the debased spirit fails him in the effort, and he staggers out an image of hopelessness, helplessness, miserable despair. Between this exit and his first entrance a consistent influence has assuredly been maintained by the performer, directly referable throughout to the habits and passions of the Jew; but the effect was sombre, rendered doubly so, perhaps, by the inefficient accessaries of the Haymarket Theatre, and the audience seemed to be devoid of the requisite amount of thought and reflection in themselves, to supply the absence of a more brilliant and more mistaken version, by the sense of a truer because more intellectual interest. Shylock's trial scene, we should have little hesitation in saying, is one of Mr. Macready's best efforts of art; yet its effect is as unquestionably *caviare* to the audience. They do not seem to understand the habitual depression of such a manner, taken in connexion with so dogged and determined an inflexibility: they are not interested in his patient shrugs; they do not sympathise with the mere weariness and coldness of his disgust at the Christian subterfuges for delay. They want something more violent, more salient, than this. In truth it is hard to understand the position of Shylock in that scene, what between the bond that keeps him up, and the still reigning spirit of bullying and buffeting which keeps him down. Even in his hour of triumph he may not forget the badge of his outcast tribe; and even when the tables turn upen him, it is only in a patience as dogged as his triumph he finds some help from the horrors of Christian insult. All this, we say, was not exactly followed by the great body of the audience, but we may safely recommend a study of it to students of Shakspeare, It is a performance which has some faults of execution, as in the scene with Tubal, and in the speech to Antonio beginning "Why look you how you storm," but it is as thoroughly sound a performance in conception as we have ever seen.

London Examiner.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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